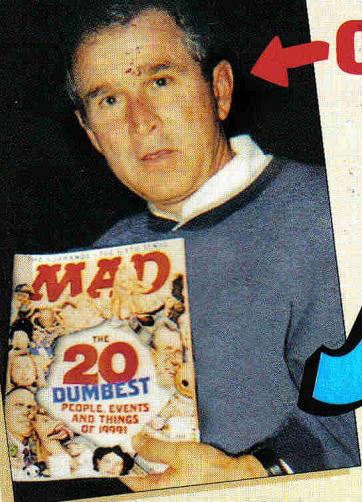


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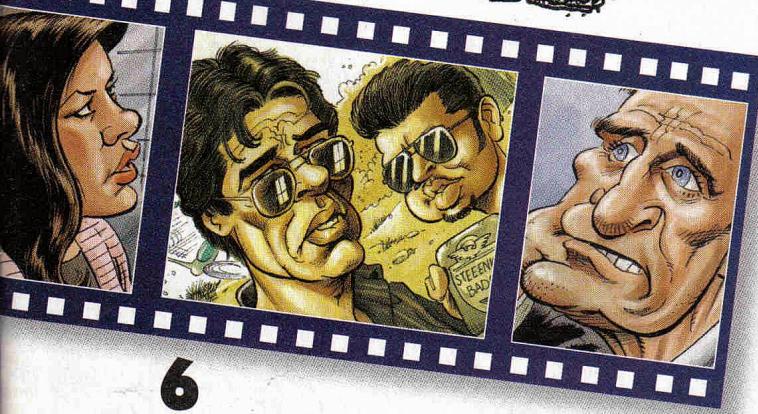
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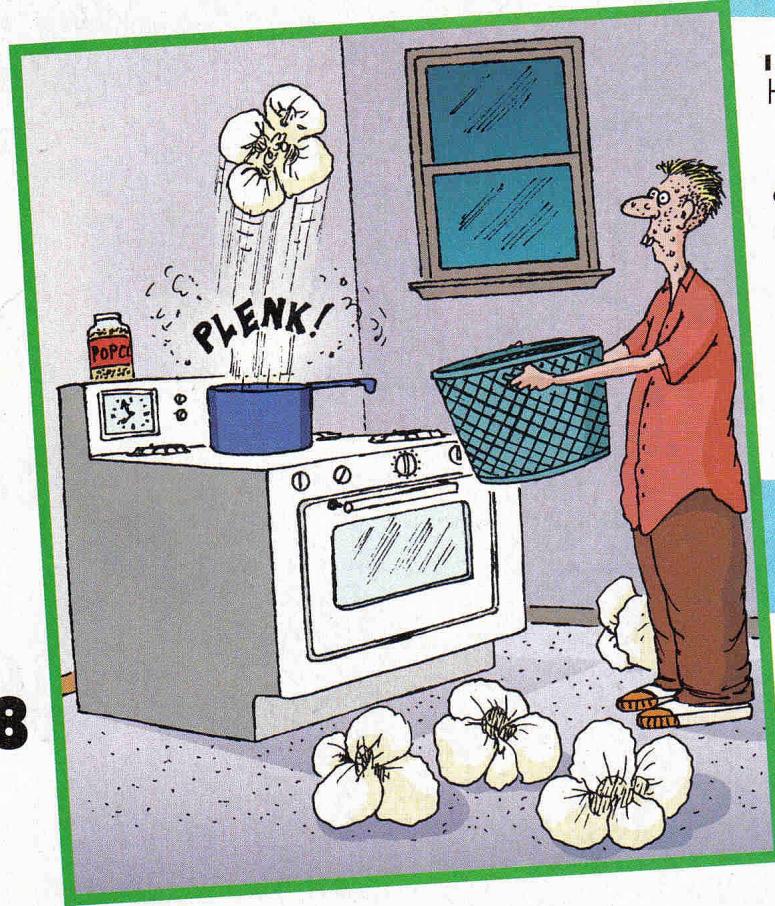
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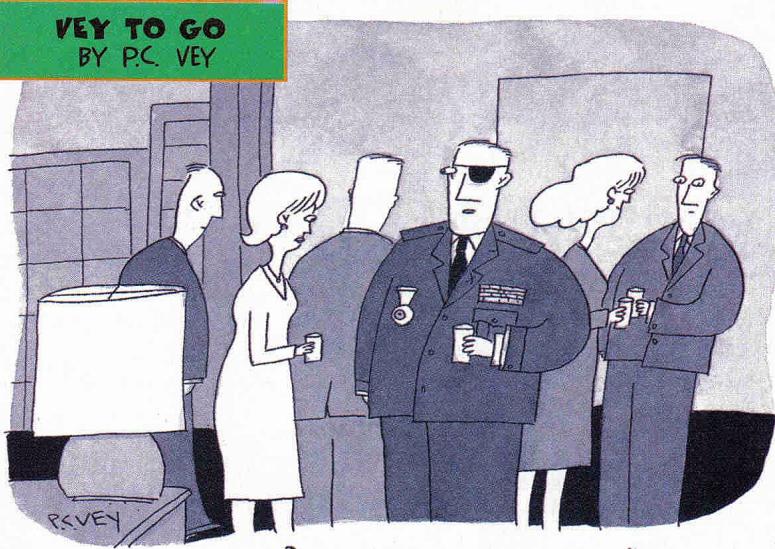
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VEY TO GO

BY P.C. VEY



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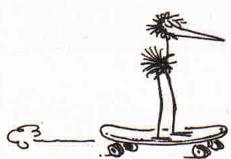
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Refrigerator Light
Bulb After Futile
Midnight Attempt
to Find a Salami

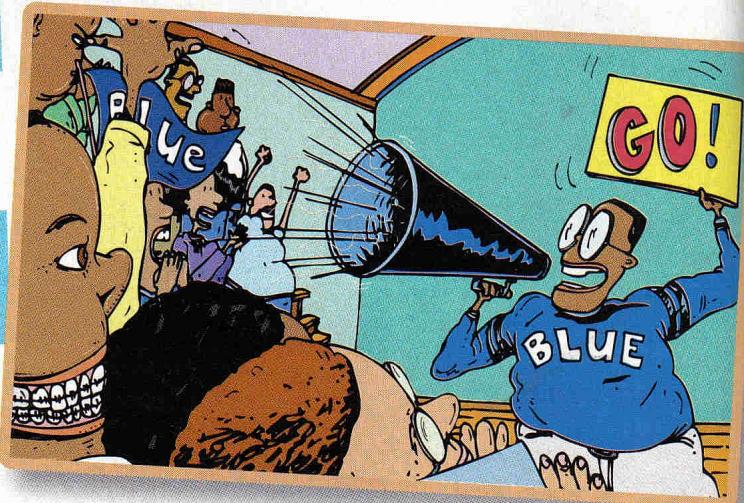
1975
Mississippi Supreme
Court Rules Nude
Showering is Indecent

1996
PETA Claims
Disney Cover-up
in Mysterious
Death of 102nd
Dalmatian

1988
Don King's Hair
Declared
National
Monument

1997
IBM Supercomputer Deep Blue
Loses to Russian Sergei
Khaladzhov in Game of Handball

36



47



*"A judge is nothing
more than a lawyer
who's been benched!"*

44

DEPARTMENT LETTERS AND TOMATOES



We've updated and revised our Ed.'s *Nifty Fifty™* Celebrity Snaps wish list! If we print your photo of any of the following celebrities holding an issue of MAD, you will receive a three-year subscription and a special secret prize! (Photos cannot be returned.) You can still send people from the old list (see MAD #390), but they will not count as a *Nifty Fifty™*. So, here's the updated Ed.'s *Nifty Fifty™*!

The Pope, Kelly Ripa (Regis Philbin's new co-host), Triumph the Insult Comic Dog from Late Night With Conan O'Brien, Britney Spears, C-Span talking head Brian Lamb (still!), Amazon.com founder Jeff Bezos, Senator Jesse Helms, Harry Potter author J.K. Rowling, Michael Douglas and Catherine Zeta-Jones, Bill Gates, Dr. Jack Kevorkian, Yasser Arafat, Oprah, John Malkovich, Julia Roberts, Eminem, James Brown, tennis babe Anna Kournikova, Pat Robertson, J.D. Salinger, Ron Popeil, Tim Russert, any Beatle

(living), Harrison Ford, Martha Stewart, David Letterman, Monica Lewinsky, Linda Tripp, Mary-Kate and Ashley Olsen, Siegfried and/or Roy, Sean Connery, John McLaughlin, Neil Armstrong, Alyssa Milano, any member of The Supreme Court (in their robe), Stephen Sondheim, Michael Jordan, Barbra Streisand, Michael Eisner, Woody Allen or Soon-Yi, Deepak Chopra, Ol' Dirty Bastard, Jerry Lewis, Gary Larson, Robert Downey Jr., Lisa Marie Presley, any Pulitzer Prize winner of the last 10 years, and Ivana Trump!

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MICROSOFT WORD UP!

Thanks for making Microsoft stock plummet right down the toilet with your "MAD 20" article "Companies We Can Expect to See After the Microsoft Breakup" (#401). When you showed the plan for breakup and restructuring of Microsoft into nine new companies, the American public got smart and sold off. The stock went from 57 dollars to 47 dollars the day I received my magazine. Thanks, morons! It would have been nice to give your loyal readers a heads up that you were going to let the cat out of the bag so we could sell before MAD hit the newsstands!

Sandy Scott, Via E-mail

Sandman — Sorry for your financial loss. As humor muckrakers, we can't let our comedic integrity be clouded by the concern of money lost by individual investors. On a brighter note, we sold all of our Microsoft stock weeks before the plummet and rolled all of our profits into Pets.com. See ya in the Louis Rukeyser chat room! —Ed.

THE ANSWER MAD

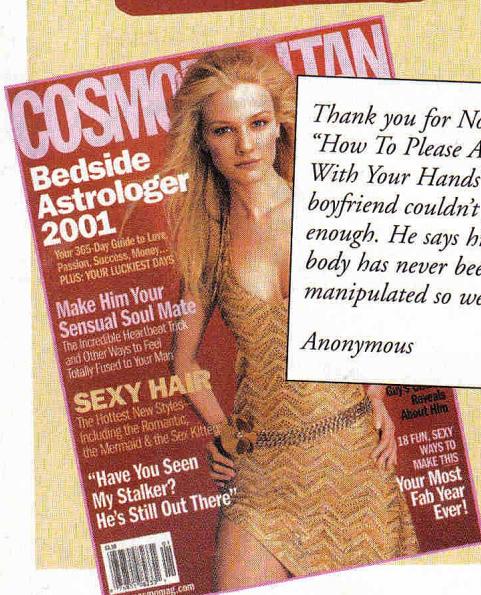
Here we go with another installment of our much-loved feature in which we answer letters sent to other magazines. This month's steamy little missive is taken from the January 2001 issue of *Cosmopolitan*.

Anon:

So, your man never felt so manipulated, eh? Due to space limitation, the editors at Cosmo had to cut the last half of the article. Here are a few more things you can do with your hands if you *really* want to please your man:

- 1) Make him a sandwich
- 2) Wash and simonize his car
- 3) Organize his pornography collection by genre
- 4) Pop his backne
- 5) Choke your damn cat
- 6) Hand the remote control to him
- 7) Open a beer for him and his friends, and then shut your big mouth, the game's on!

Anonymous



WWF'D-UP

In your "Celebrity Cause-of-death Betting Odds" in MAD #400 you stated that Vince McMahon would die from contracting V.D. from one of D'Lo Brown's ho escorts. Obviously, you have not been smelling what the Rock is cooking because if you did then you would know that it was the Godfather (now known as the Goodfather) who was the pimp that had the ho escorts. Just thought you should know that for future reference.

Eugene Lumley, Bronx, NY

Turnbuckle Boy — You are absolutely correct in pointing out this obvious mistake. We originally had the Godfather in our response but we were forced to change it due to pressure from the Right to Censor. Now, do you smell what the Ed. is cooking? —Ed.

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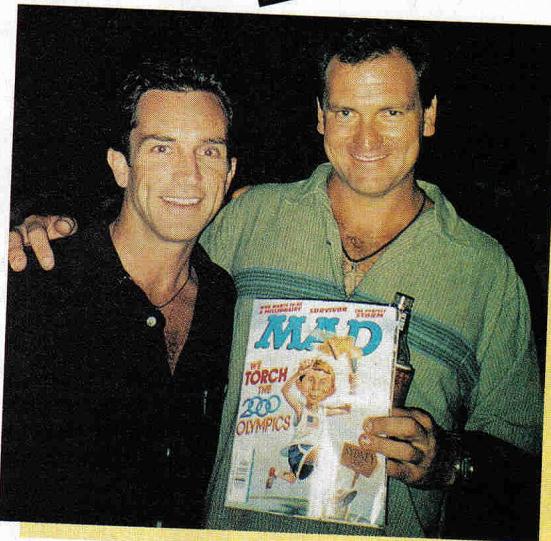
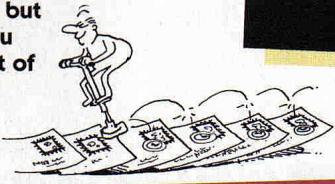
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MAD CELEBRITY SNAPS

A little while ago I met *Survivor* host Jeff Probst at a party in Los Angeles and I happened to have a copy of MAD with the *Survivor* spoof in my car. My MAD subscription has recently expired, and as a struggling carpenter I could use a free subscription.

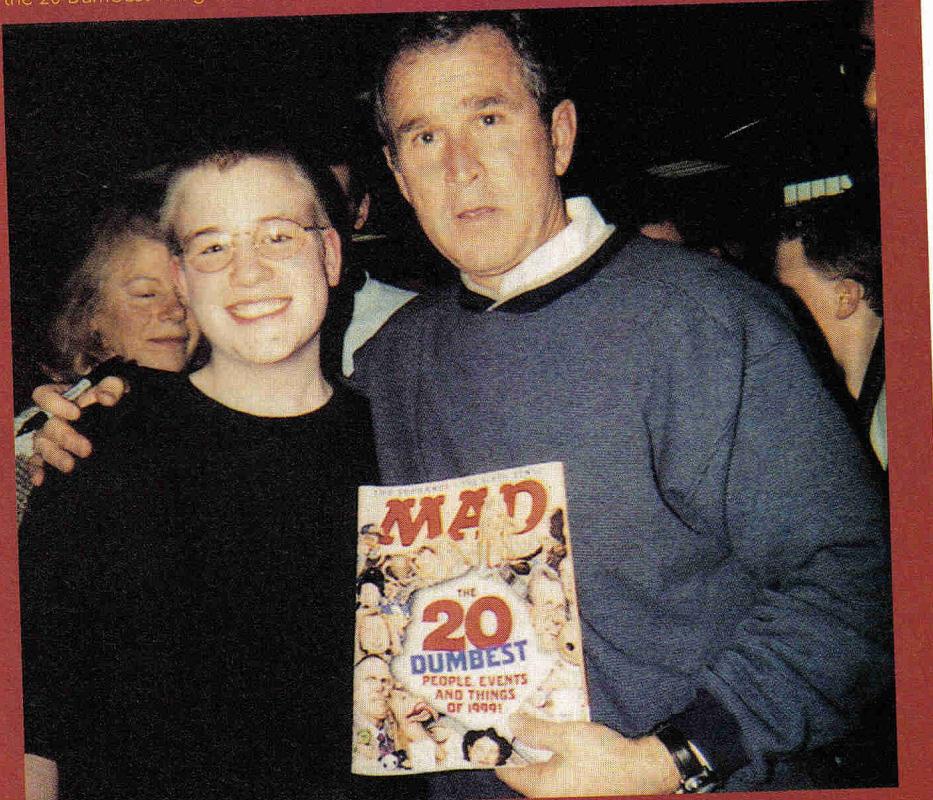
John Kirhoffer, Redondo Beach, CA

Tool Belt Boy — Well, you nailed it! (Ha ha! Get it?) a one-year subscription for your Celebrity Snap of *Survivor* host and current cover subject Jeff Probst. Not to change the subject, but how much would you charge for a nice set of oak shelves? Let us know! —Ed.



Survivor host Jeff Probst and John Kirhoffer

Well, we thought the ultimate Celebrity Snap was of Dan Quayle (former Vice President and spelling bee champ) holding the "Proofreader Wanted" cover back in MAD #372. But nope, nothing can compare with the one we recently received from Jack Walsh of Hudson, NH. Behold our beloved President George W. Bush with his infamous deer caught in the headlights stare, holding up MAD #389, which, coincidentally, features W. and his wormy position on his early partying days as one of the 20 Dumbest Things of the Year! Hats off to Jack for capturing this snap and God help us all!



Jack Walsh and President George W. Bush

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the usual gang of idiots

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MICHAEL DRUGLESS DEPT.

This movie features a cast of thousands...of illegal substances! It tells of the fruitless efforts by the United States government to stop the flow of these substances into America. While we are all for

TRAFF

This film involves two countries, three stories and four different color tints!

If only I could SEE them! I can't, because the film also has 140 pair of sunglasses! I wear most of them!

The two biggest product placements in this movie are for coke spoons and LensCrafters!

I am General Sleazier, a powerful Mexican Army official! I declare war on the Mexican Drug Cartels! I will eradicate the Abbalofia Brothers who run the Tijuana Cartel!

I will torture the Chimichanga Cartel from Cabo! I will slice the manhood from the Burrito Brothers of Nogales! And while I'm at it, I will destroy the Tattaglia family.

I will choke Frankie Pentangeli and I will shoot Moe Greene in the eye! Oy, Caramba, am I one confused mother!

There are over three hundred ways to smuggle drugs into the United States! *There's* one of the very best!

What are they doing?

They're hiding cocaine in barrels disguised as Mexican drinking water! No customs agent will ever go near that stuff!

TRAFFICO

controlling illegal substances, we do wish we had some pharmaceuticals to help keep us awake during this two-hour plus snorefest! You'll probably wish you had something too as you read *our* snorefest...

ECCCH!

Congratulations on becoming the new United States Drug Czar!

I'm optimistic, sir. I believe we can win the war on drugs!

Excellent!

I also believe the rain forest will flourish, the Cubs will win a World Series and middle class America will worship the iguana!

I'm Riddaline Wastedfield, an A+ honor student and a national merit finalist!

I keep my nose to the grindstone – when my nose isn't preoccupied with other things! Which it usually is!

We *all* experimented! I remember this movie where this guy Gordon Gekko kept shouting, "Weed Is Good!"

That was "Greed Is Good," dammit!

Sorry. I must have been stoned when I saw that film!

Wow, can you believe this? Check it out! Upper class white kids doing coke!

This is a war that can't be won!

The war on drugs?

The war on movie clichés!

I'm Serene Latoya! I'm a pampered San Diego trophy wife! I have no idea what my husband does for a living but given the fact that we live in a posh eight million dollar home I believe we can safely rule out that he's the San Diego chicken!

In this film we're here to do one thing! We have trained all our lives for this!

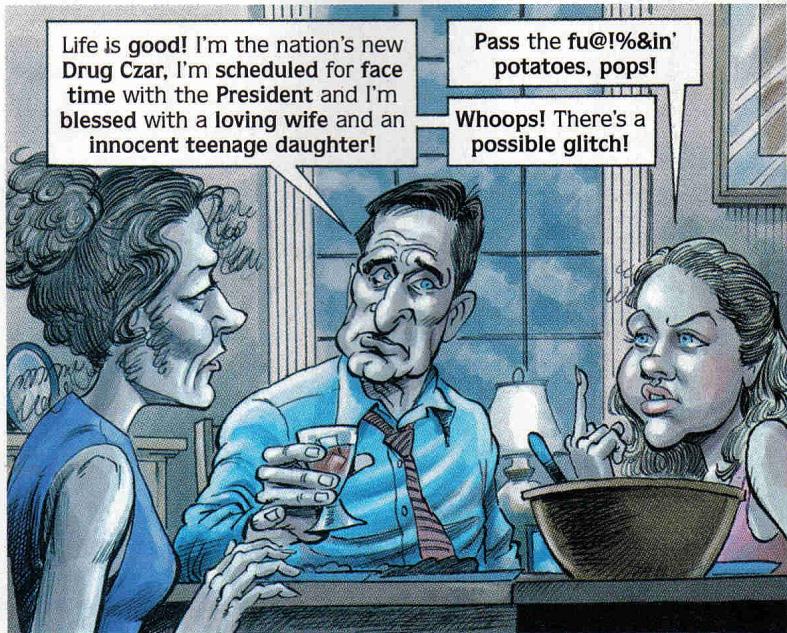
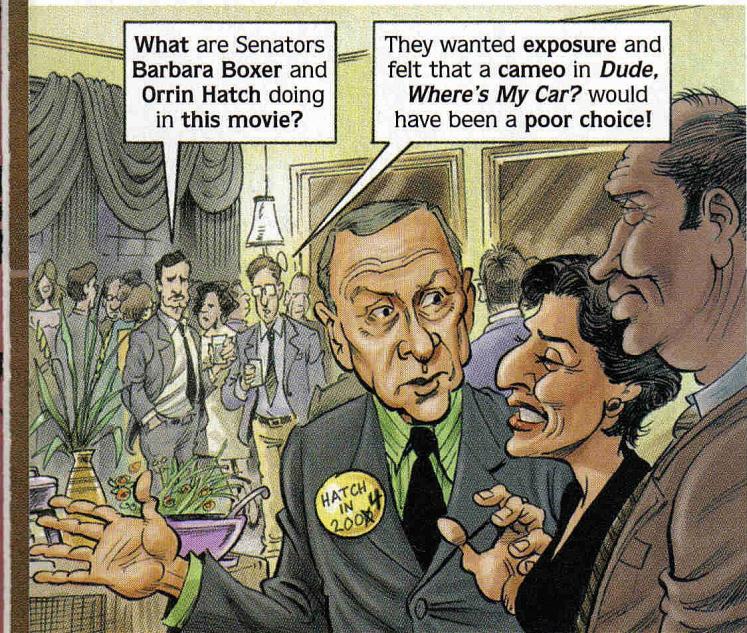
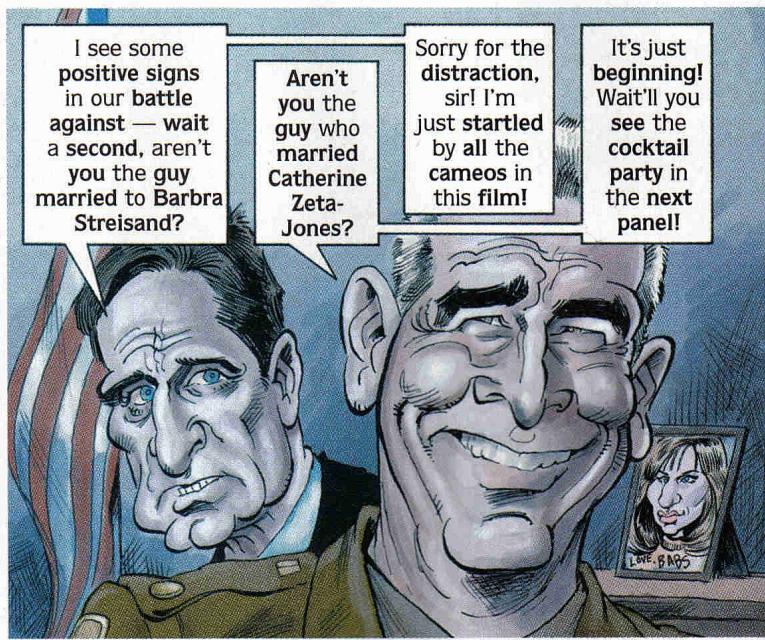
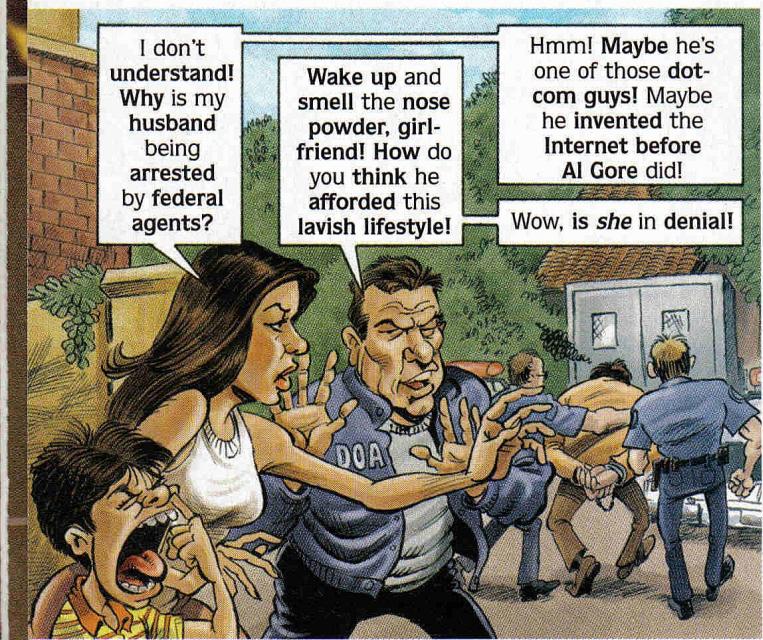
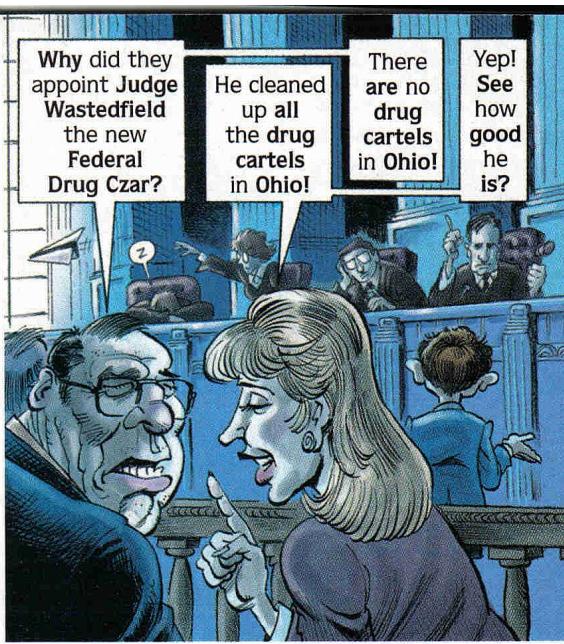
You mean bust the mid-level informer and get evidence on the big drug kingpin?

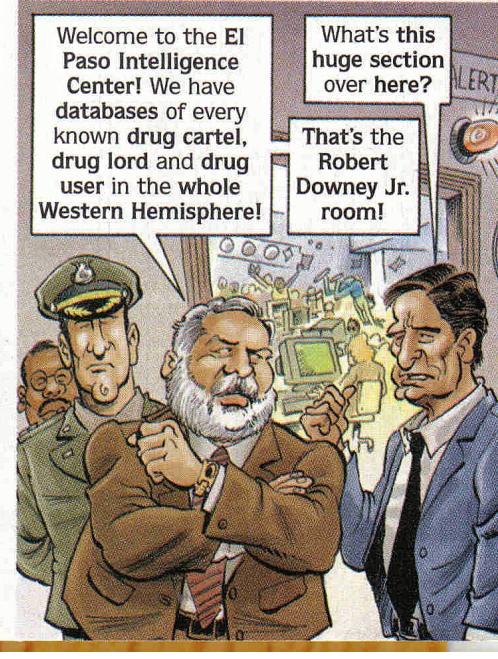
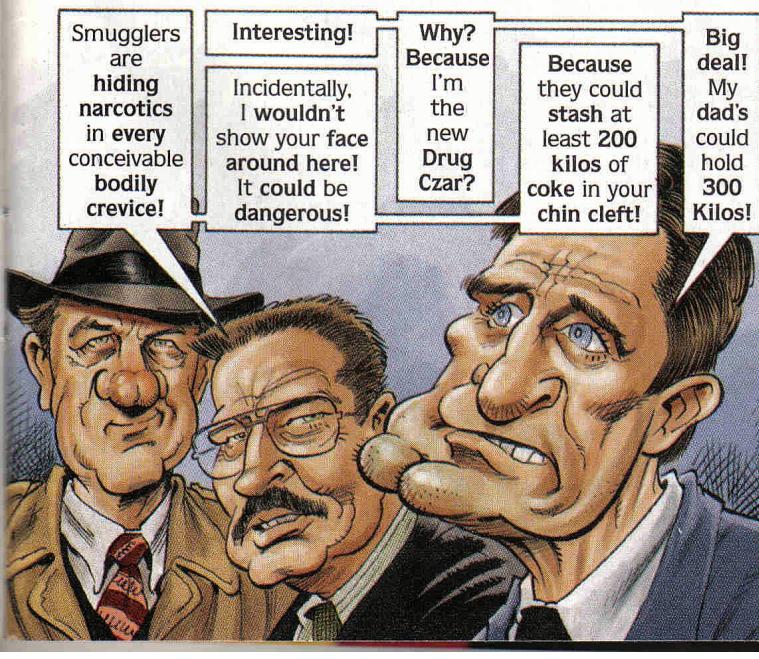
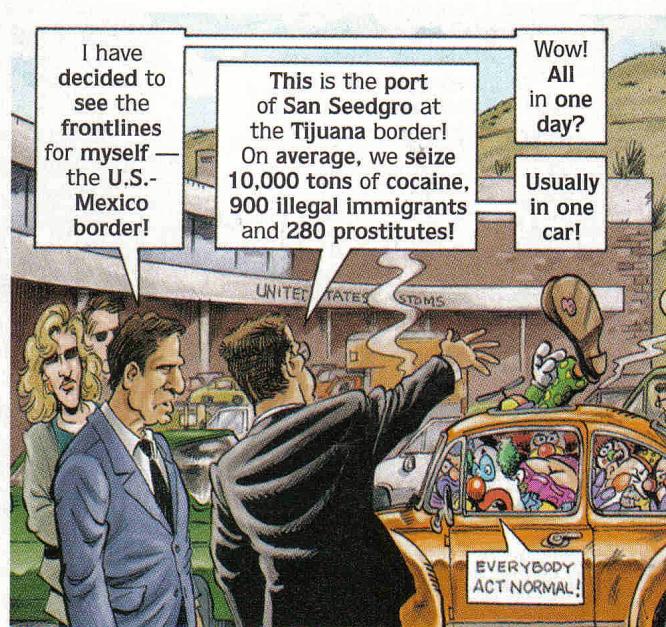
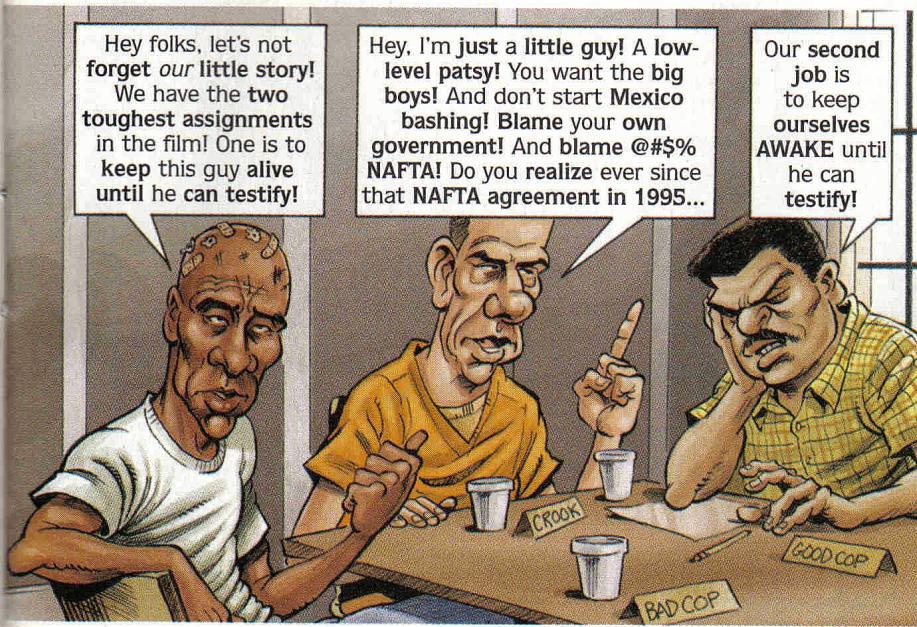
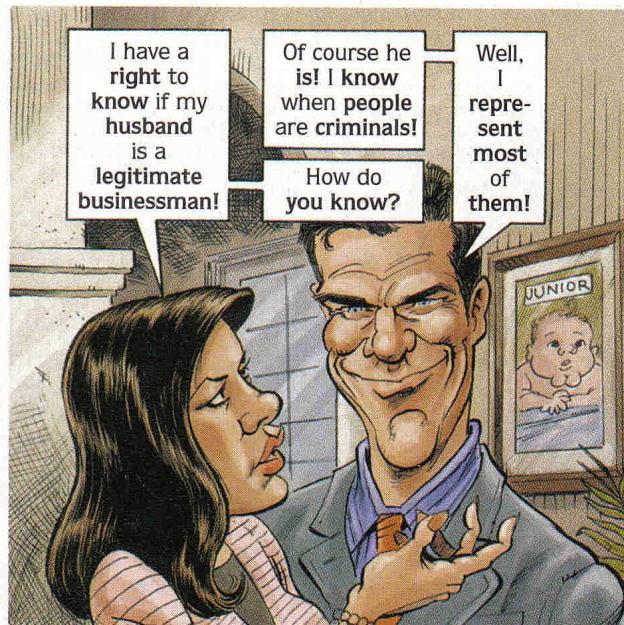
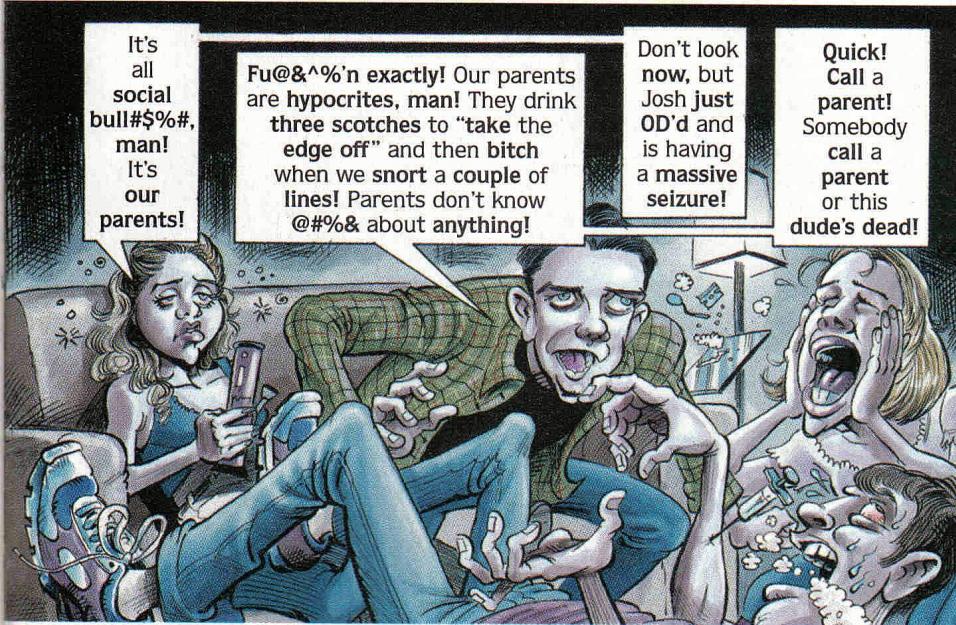
I mean to become the Danny Glover & Mel Gibson of this movie!

Welcome to our little world!

What world is that?

The "slime-ball lawyer" section of the page!





It's The Scorpio! The head of the Juarez cartel is alive! The Abbalofia Brothers would pay a lot of loot for that information!

Don't even go there, Mañuel! In this film we are two poor but honest cops!

What do you mean we, Foster Grant face? Whoops!

A syringe, packets of powder, an Eminem CD! That's it! Young lady, you're grounded!

Ha! Screw you, Mr. Drug Czar!

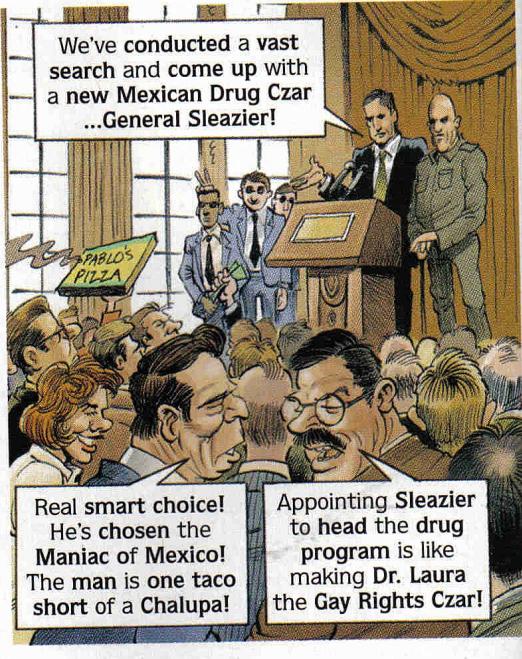
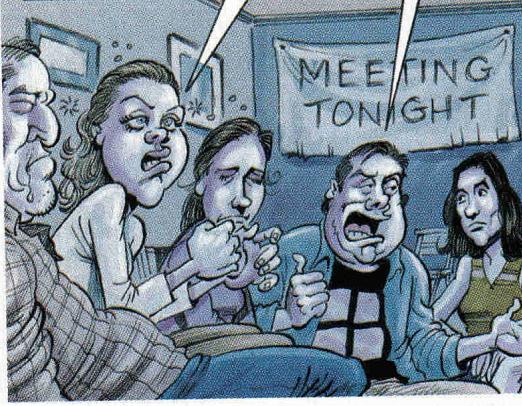
She didn't even give me a chance to get into my "Just say no" speech!



It's 3 AM! I'm thinking: how can I save a crumbling business empire? I'm thinking: how can I support a pampered lifestyle? I'm thinking: there's absolutely no reason for this scene to exist! Well, actually there are two reasons!

My name is Riddaline and I'm angry about a lot of stuff! I'm angry at my parents! I'm angry that I can get drugs easier than booze! I'm angry that I can't colonize Mars! I'm angry that sardines can't slow dance!

On the way over here she obviously scored some amazing stuff!



Real smart choice! He's chosen the Maniac of Mexico! The man is one taco short of a Chalupa!

Appointing Sleazier to head the drug program is like making Dr. Laura the Gay Rights Czar!

Tell me General, do you have any thoughts on the treatment of addicts?

Yes! If they shoot up, chop off their arm! It's my Lorena Bobbitt plan!

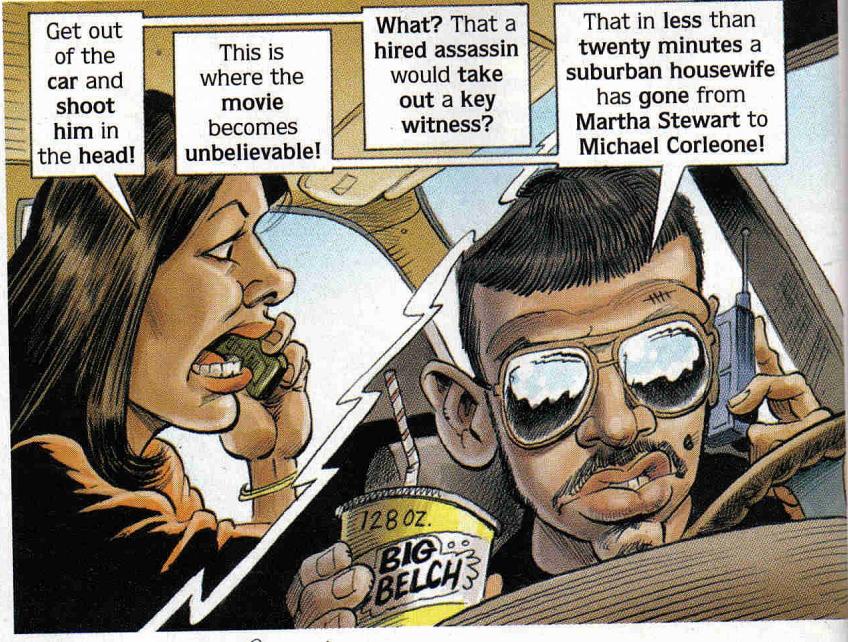
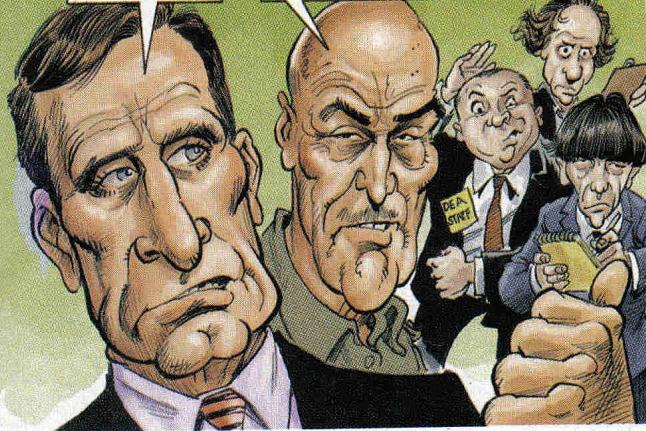
At least he *has* a plan! My dumb staff had nothing!

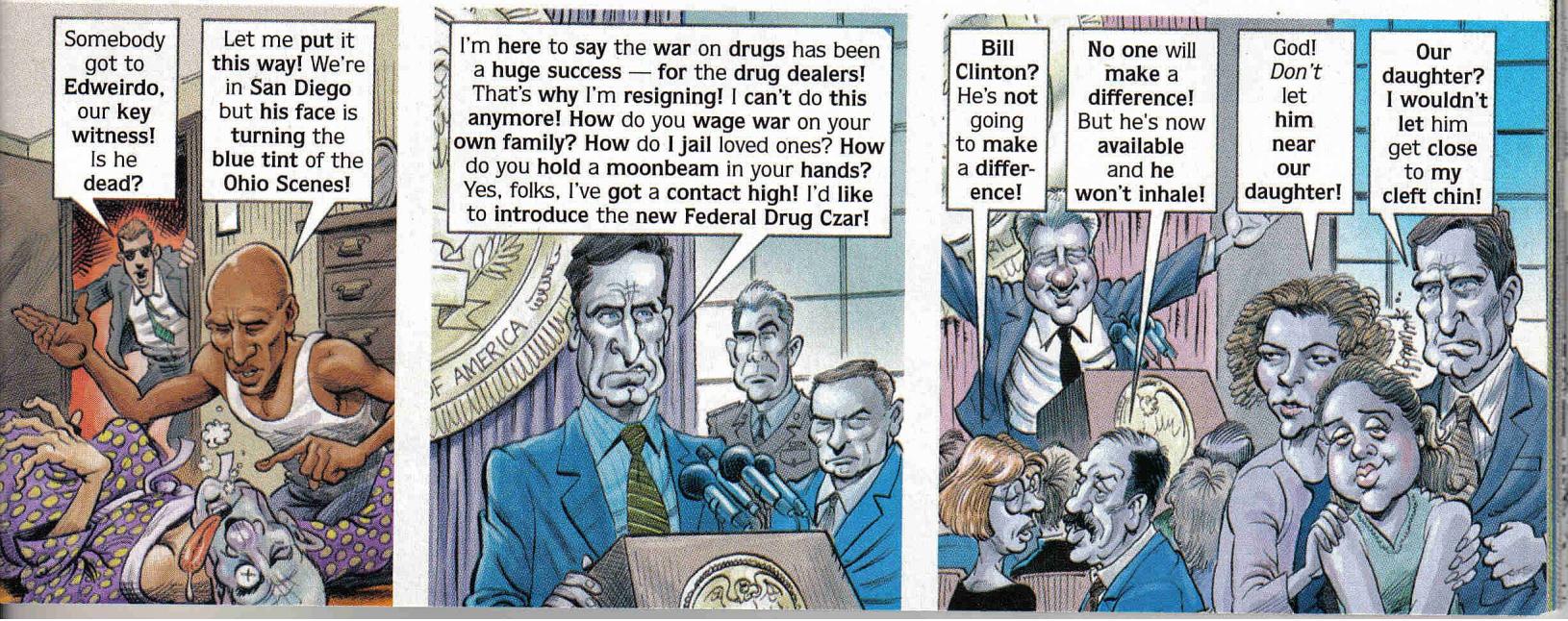
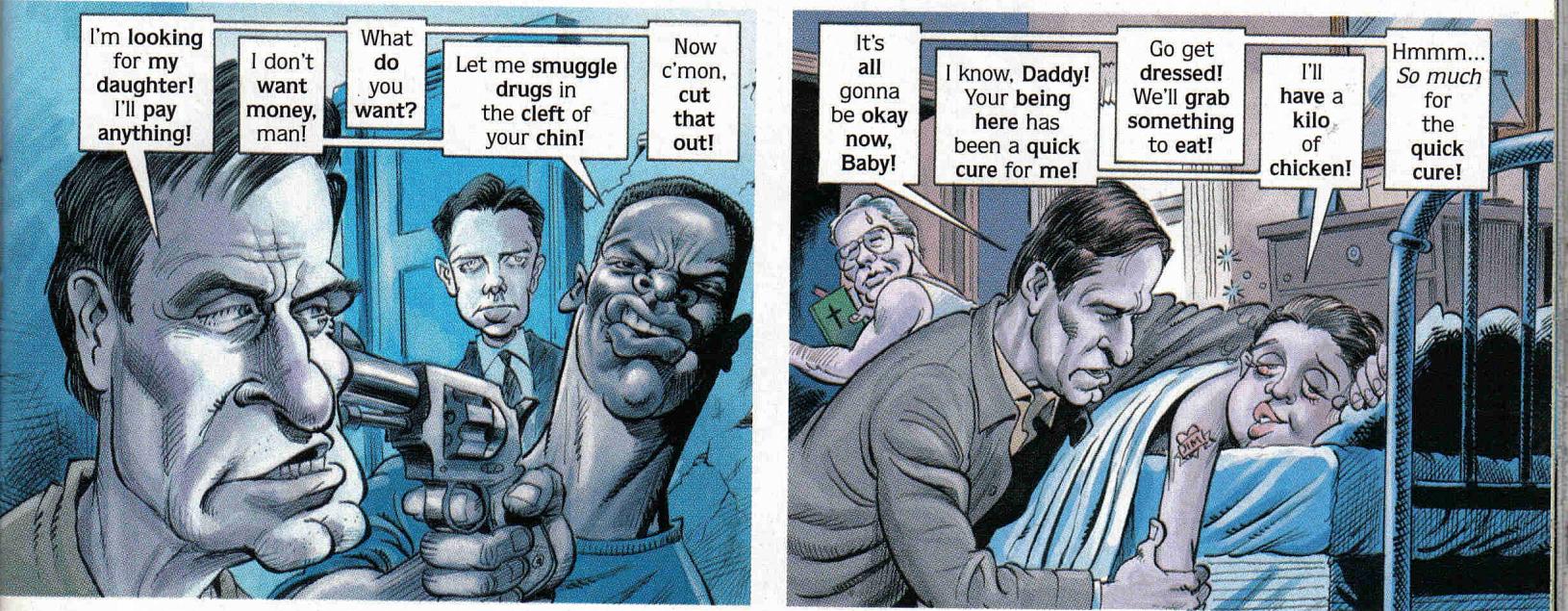
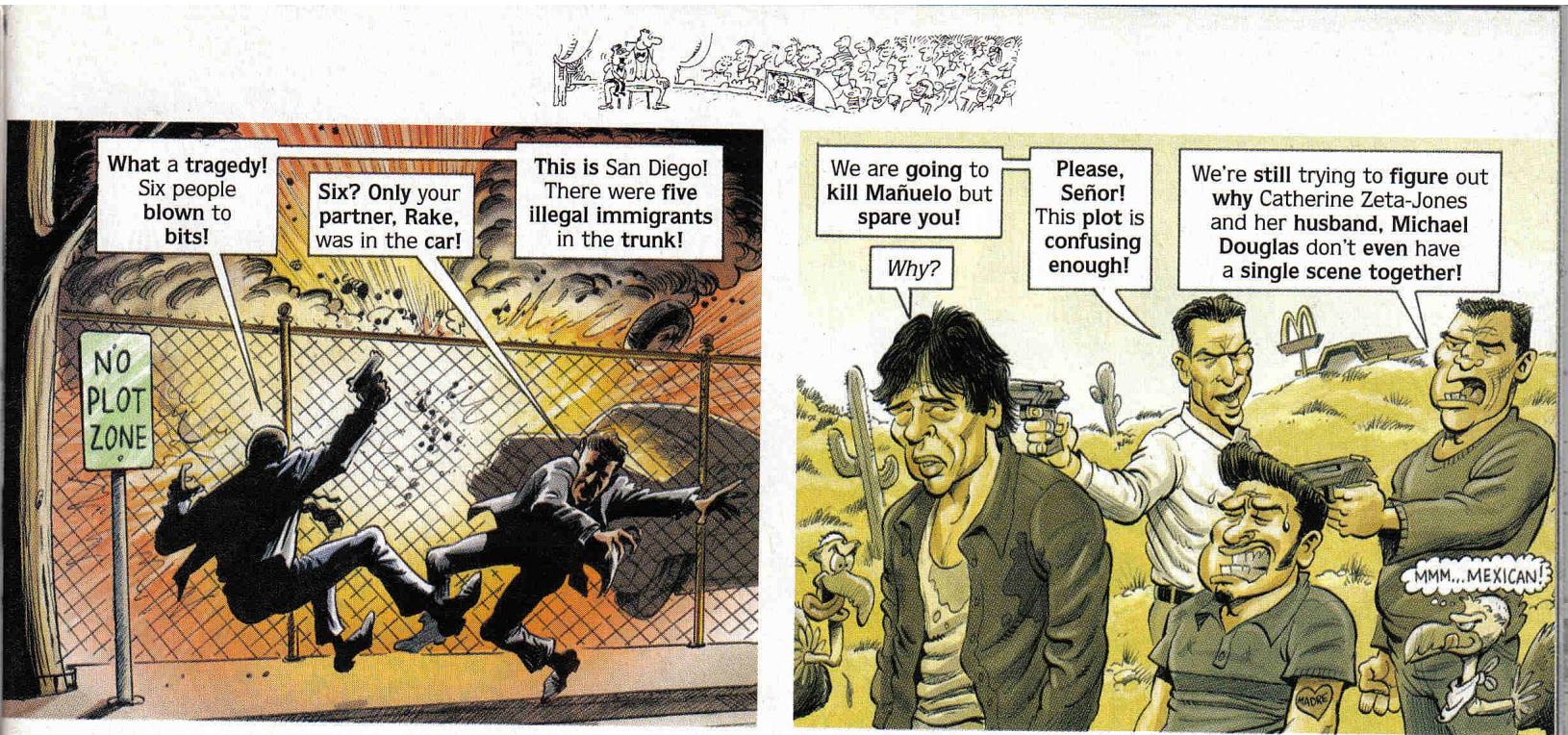
Get out of the car and shoot him in the head!

This is where the movie becomes unbelievable!

What? That a hired assassin would take out a key witness?

That in less than twenty minutes a suburban housewife has gone from Martha Stewart to Michael Corleone!





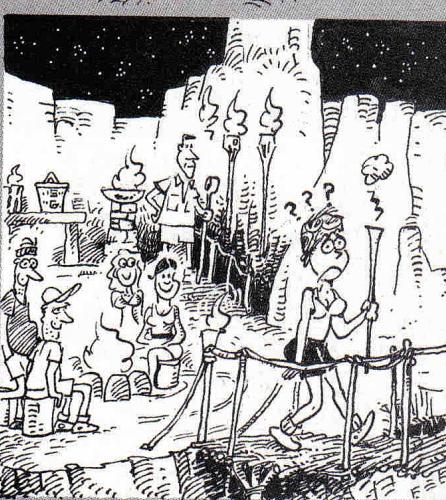


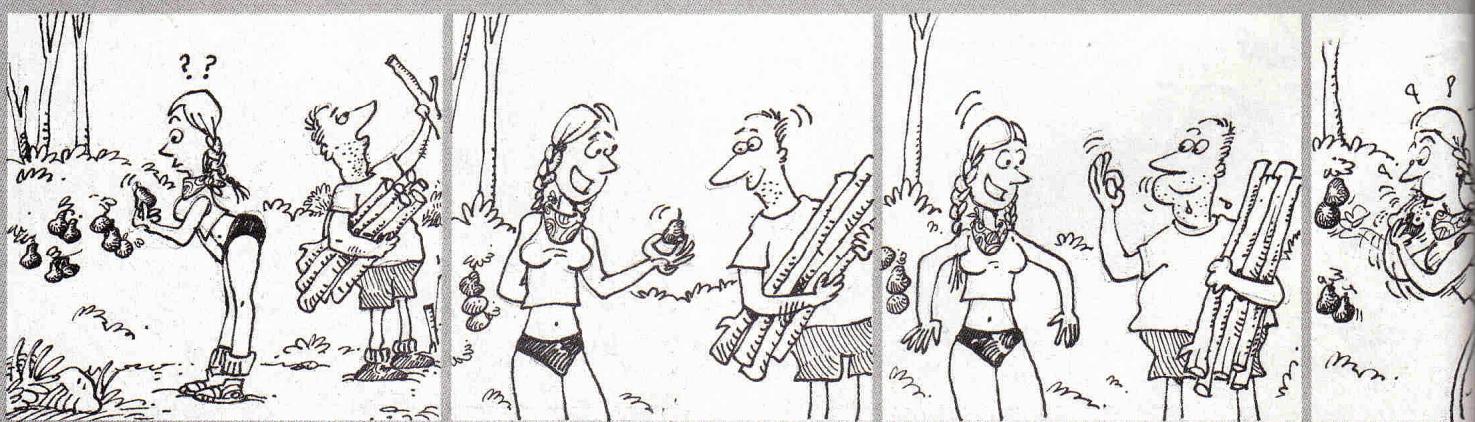
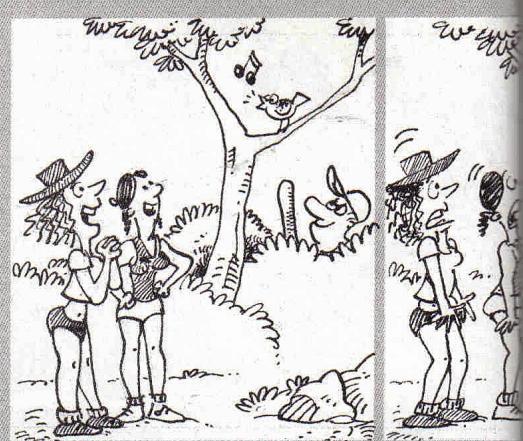
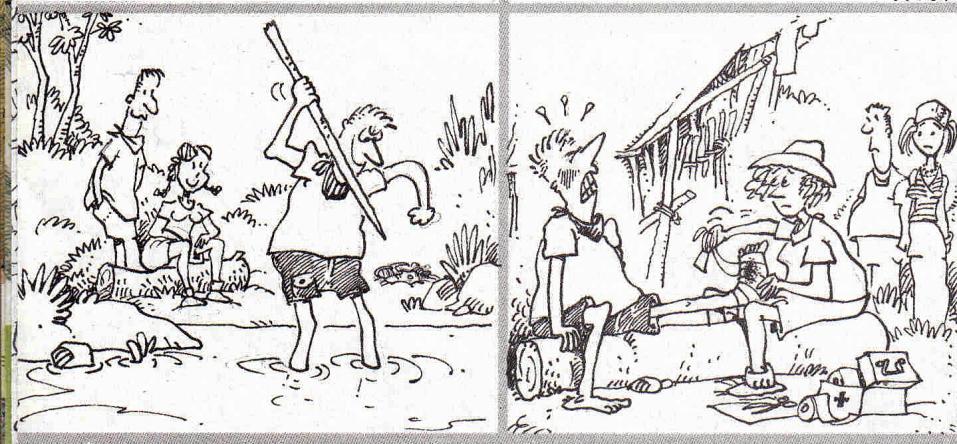
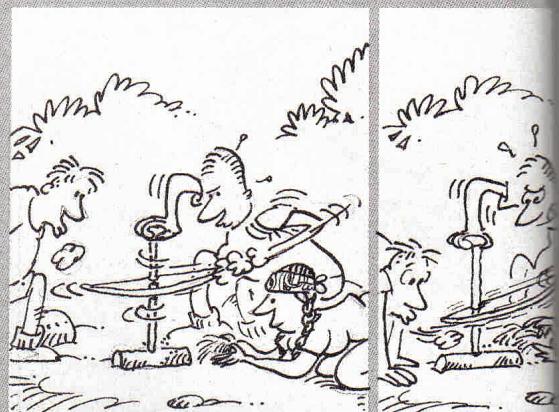
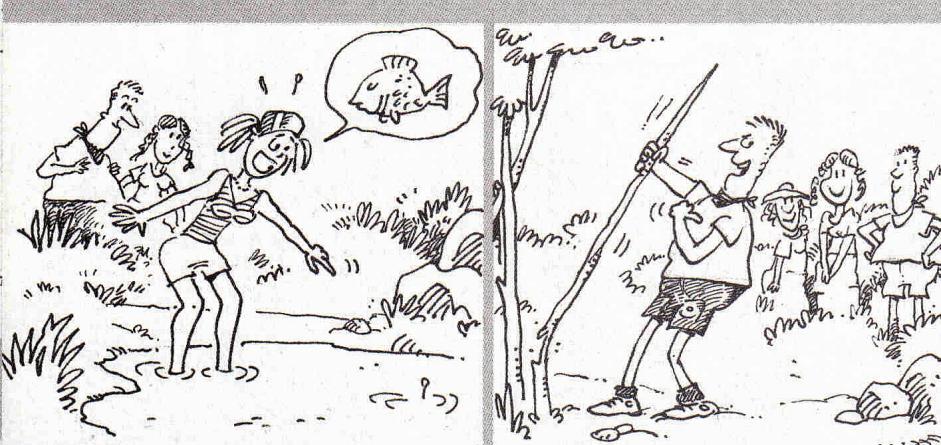
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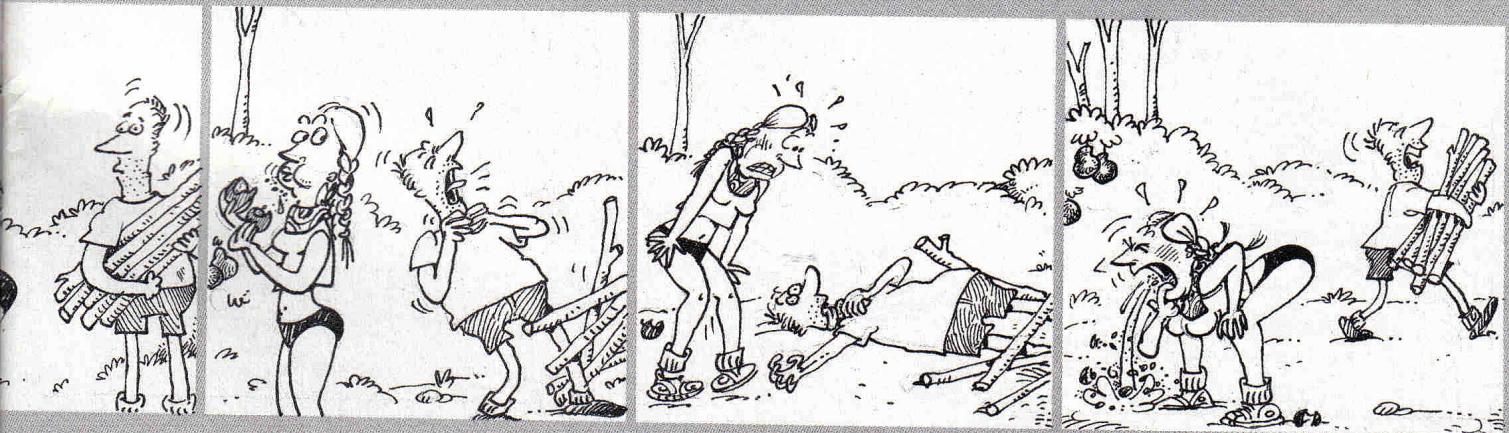
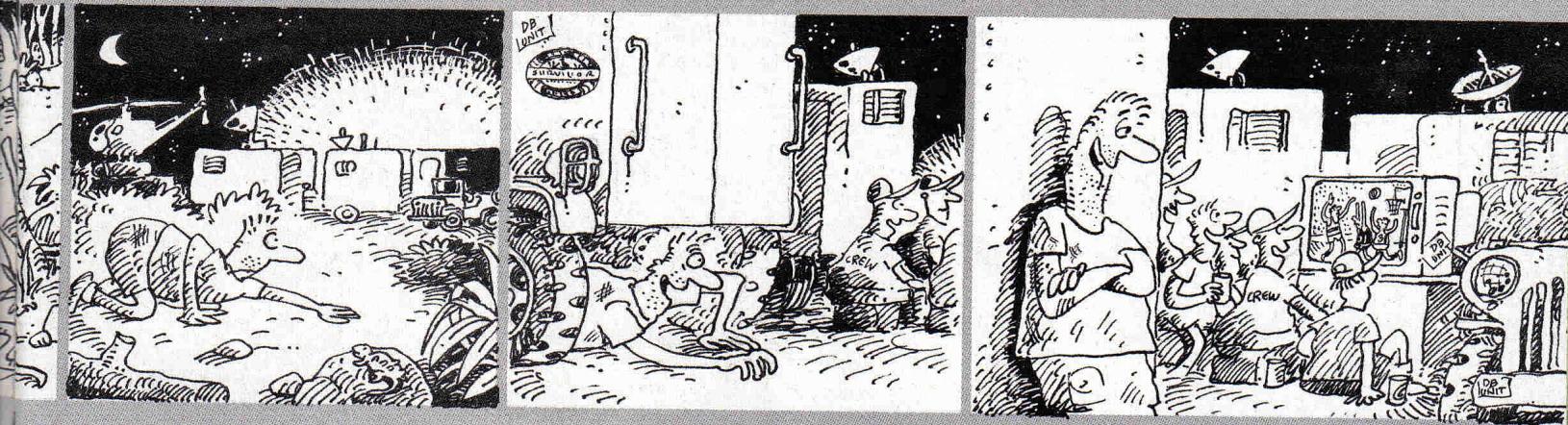


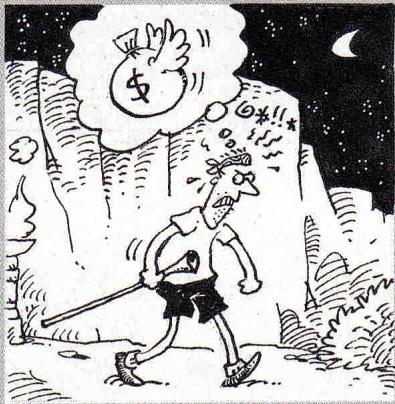
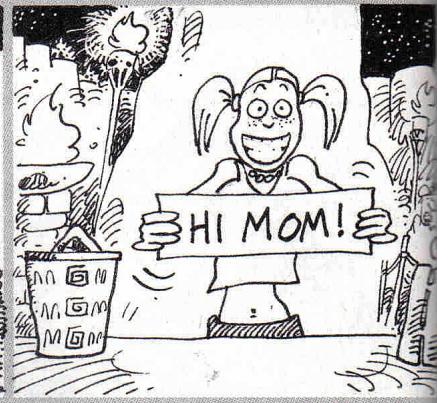
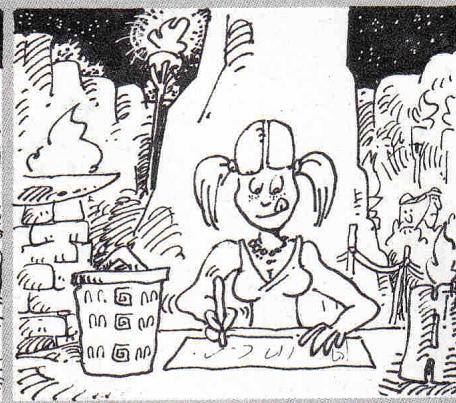
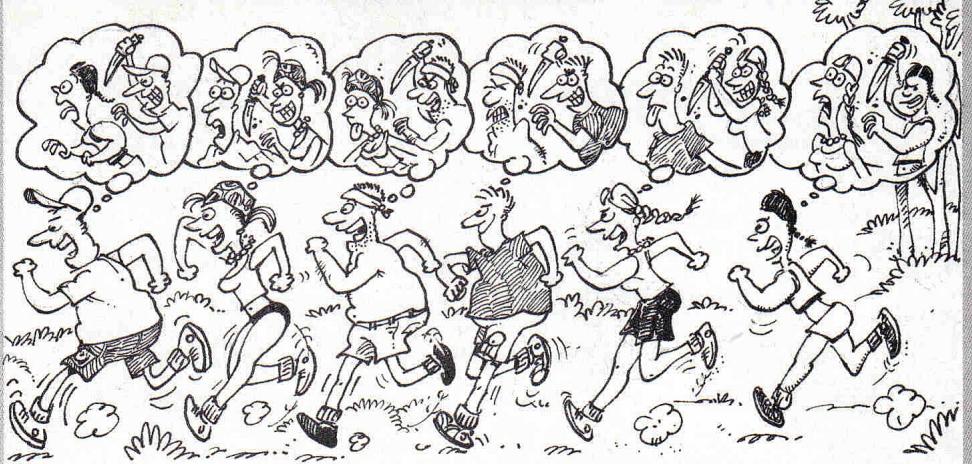
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ARTIST AND WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES









They're Dangerous!

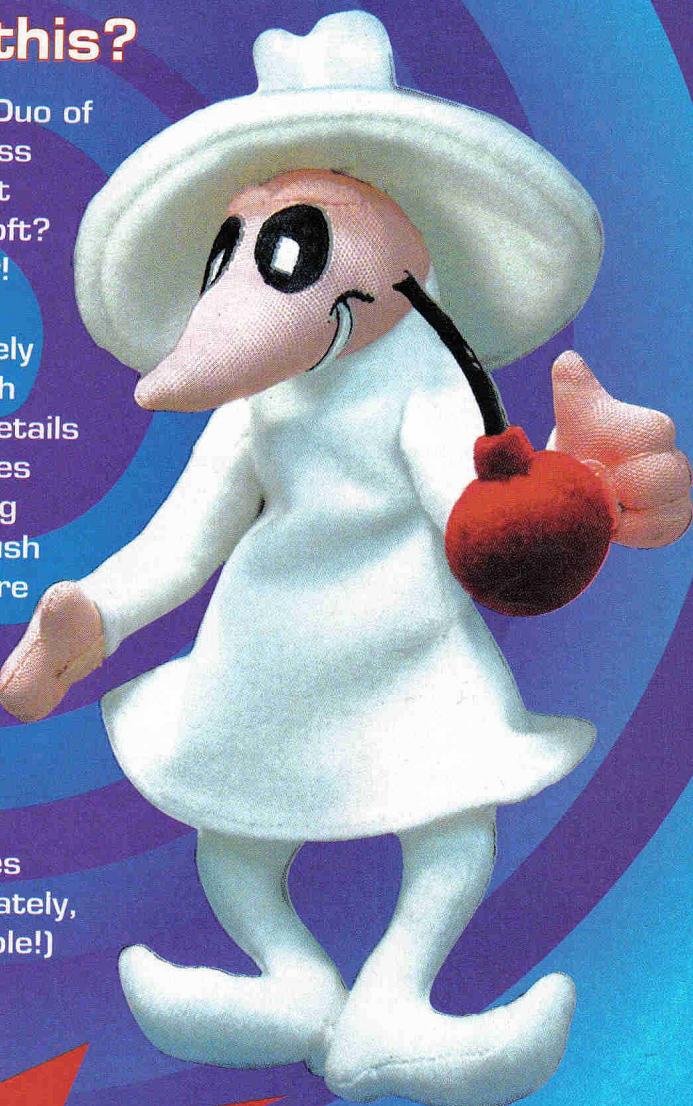
They're Violent!

They're Cuddly!

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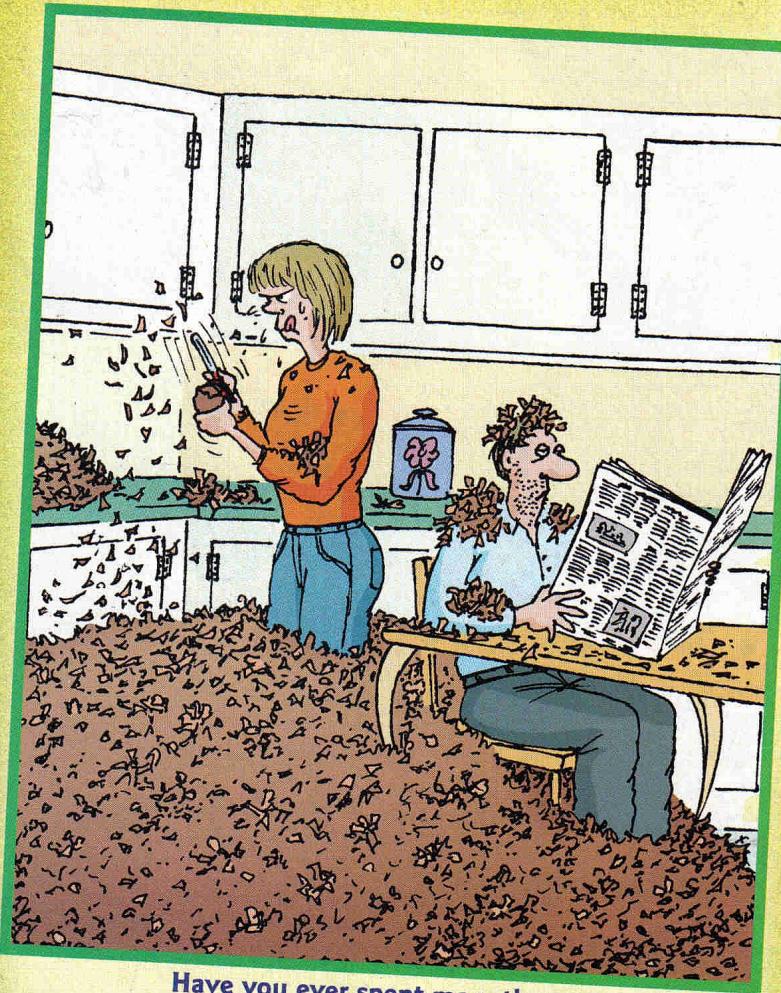
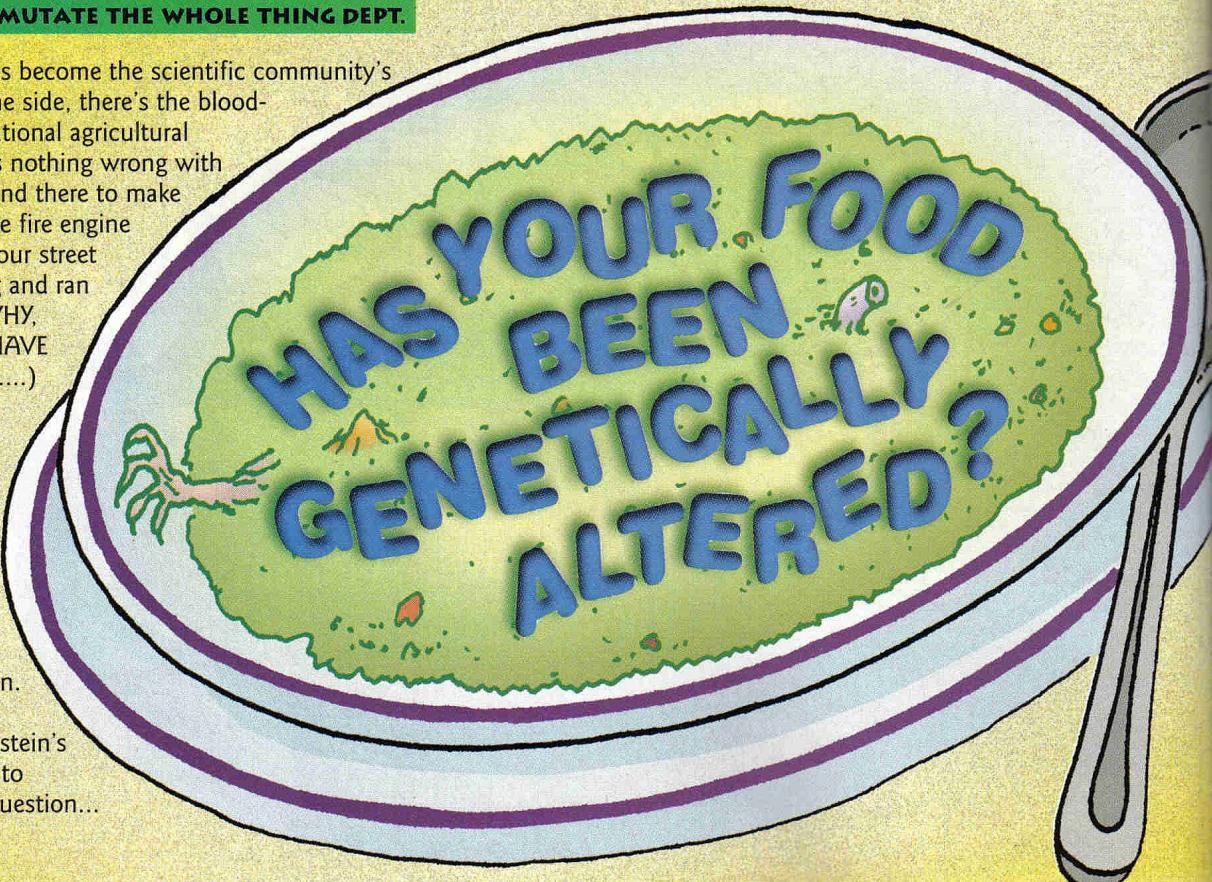
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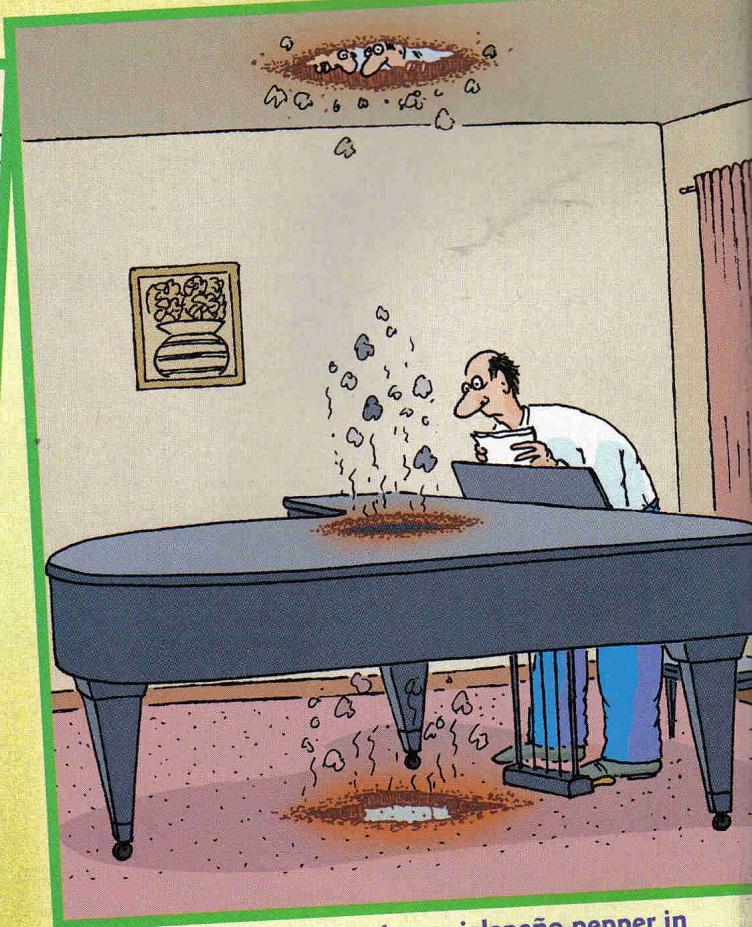




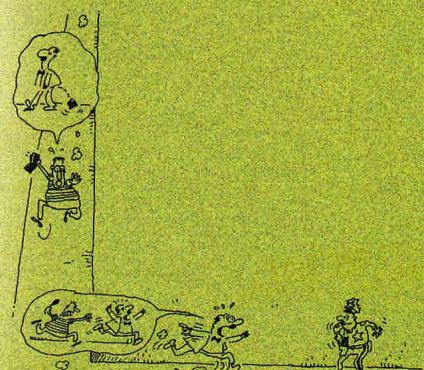
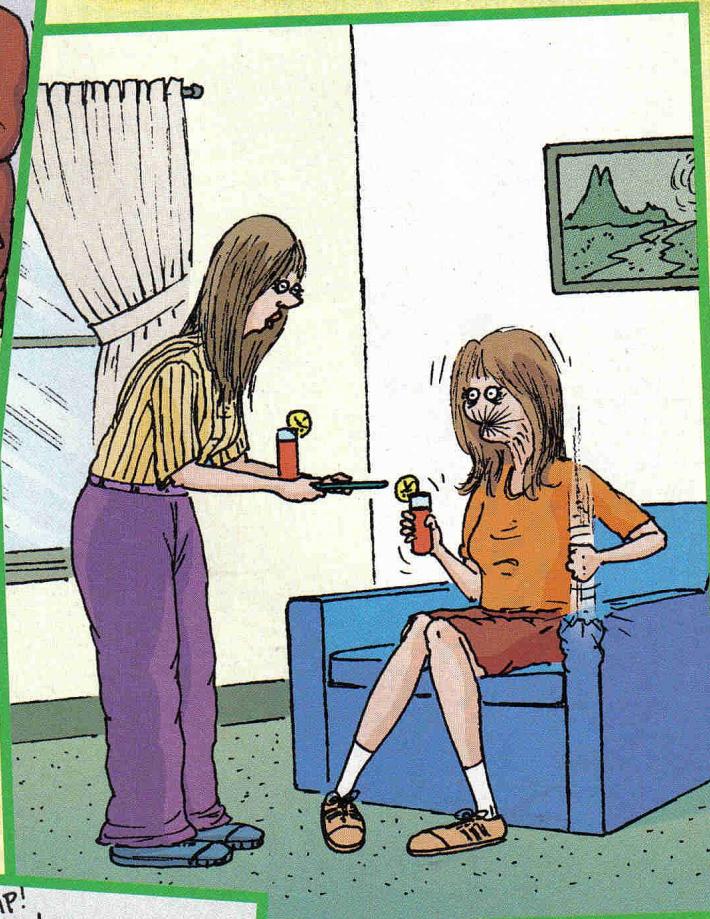
Genetically-altered food has become the scientific community's hottest controversy. On one side, there's the blood-sucking, capitalist, multinational agricultural companies who say there's nothing wrong with a little gene-splicing here and there to make your tomatoes as red as the fire engine that came barreling down our street that cold October morning and ran over our dog. WHY, OH WHY, BUTCH?! WHY DID YOU HAVE TO DIE?!? (But we digress....) On the other side, there's the know-it-all, do-gooder, Ralph Nader types who think that muckin' with our food supply might not be such a good idea. And in the middle there's you: worried that the Pop Tart you eat this morning will have you dead by noon. Are you consuming food homegrown in Dr. Frankenstein's lab? Use this handy guide to answer the all-important question...

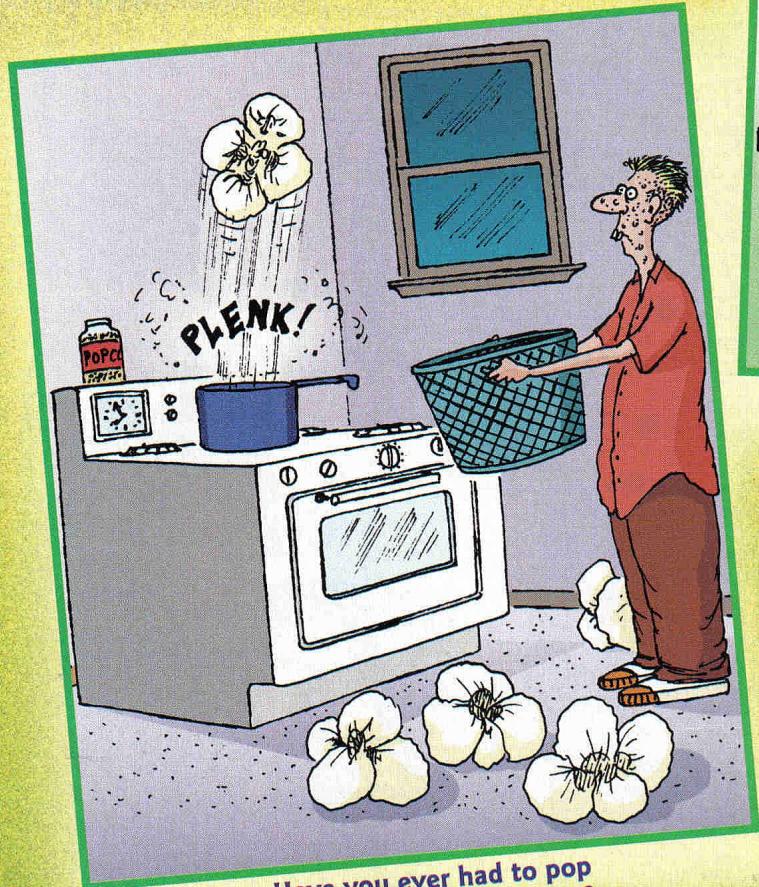
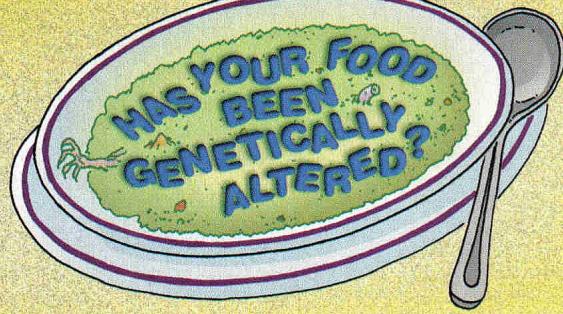


Have you ever spent more than 30 minutes trying to peel a potato with rapid self-healing skin?

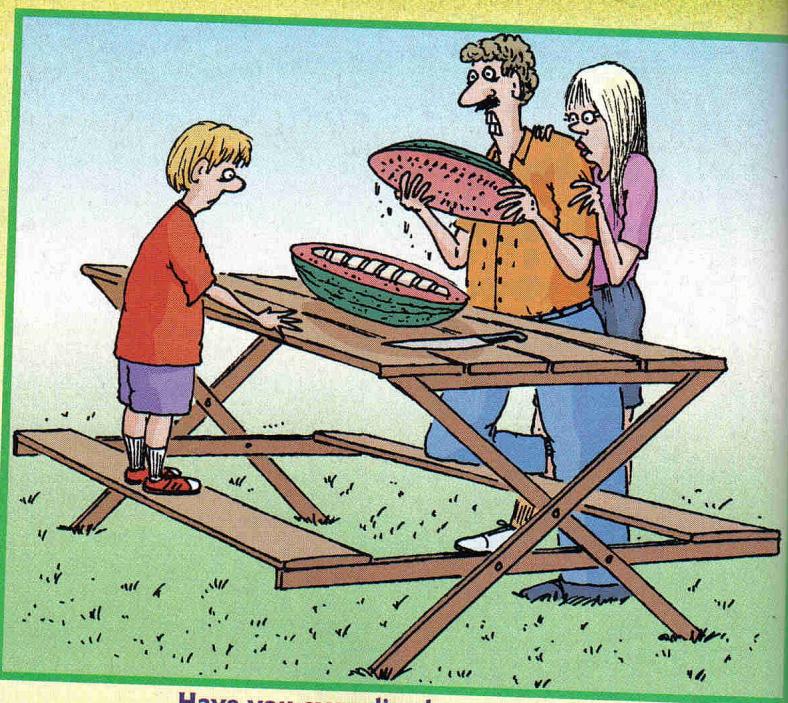


Did you ever drop a jalapeño pepper in your kitchen that then burned through five floors of your apartment building?

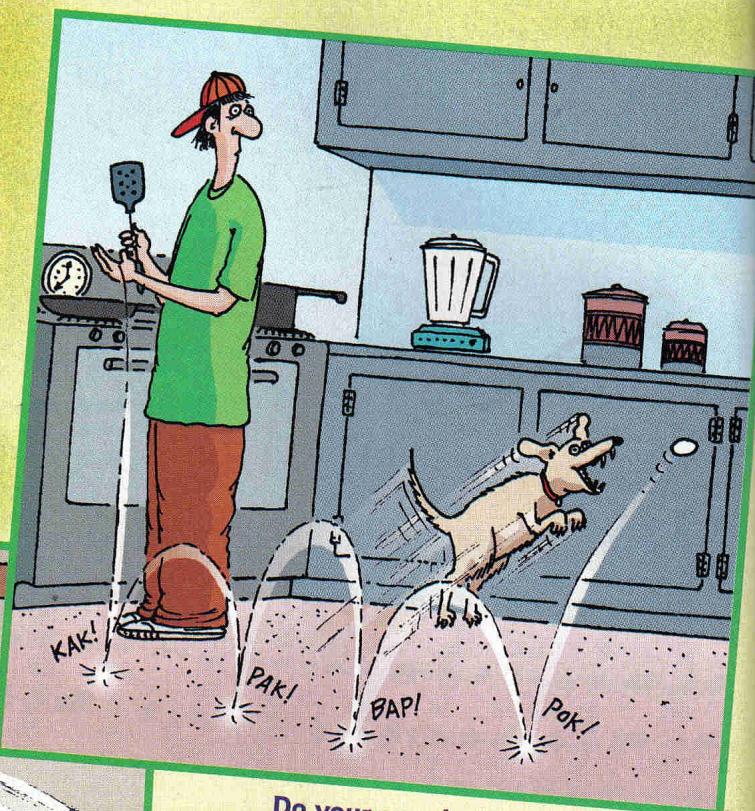




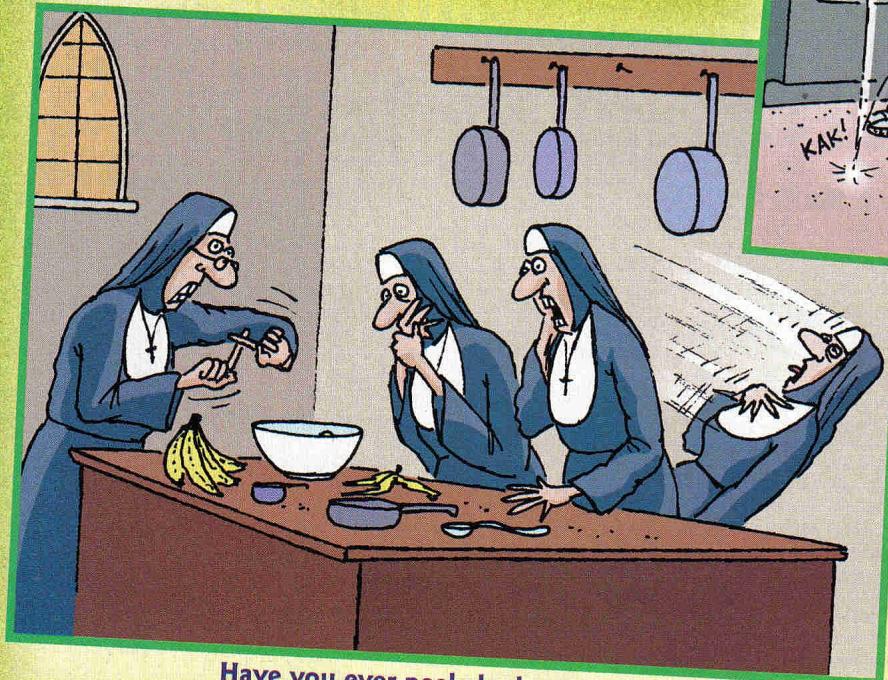
Have you ever had to pop corn one kernel at a time?



Have you ever sliced a watermelon in half and found a backbone?



Do your eggs bounce when you drop them?



Have you ever peeled a banana and found it to be "anatomically correct"?





GRIEVING LAS VEGAS DEPT.

MAD's CELEBRITY CAUSE-OF-DEATH BETTING ODDS

Our team of crack oddsmakers gives you the latest Vegas line on how one of today's biggest newsmakers will soon be hearing *Hail To The Deceased!*

THIS MONTH'S FUTURE FERTILIZER FOR THE ROSE GARDEN:

GEORGE W. BUSH



CAUSE OF DEATH

Alcohol poisoning after realizing he's in way over his head

Drunk driving accident after weekly night out with brother Jeb and the Supreme Court justices who helped him steal the election

Chokes to death on one of his own word mispronunciations

Slips in Oval Office on wet stain of some sort left by Clinton

Trampled by African American admirers at Florida NAACP "Let Bygones Be Bygones" rally

Dies peacefully of old age after serving two successful terms and being hailed as one of our greatest Presidents

ODDS

2:1

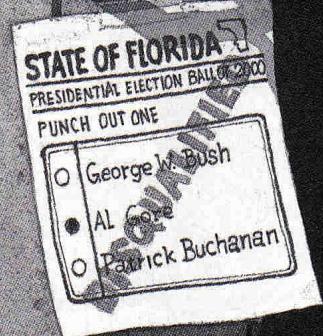
2:1

5:1

15:1

20,000,000,000:1

450,000,000,000:1





APPLY SWATTER DEPT.

So you think it's a big deal you got into college? Well, smarty pants, you really aren't all that! So go ahead and weep as we expose what really goes on when it comes to the fate of the applications you worked hours on! Here's...

A MAD PEEP AT A COLLEGE

You know, it's just amazing that I got this job as a college admissions officer! I didn't even graduate from college!

You didn't? Then how did you get the job?

The same way most of our students get into this place... I lied on the application!

RECORDS
DEFACATE
COPIER
NO COPYING
OF EXPOSED
POSTERIORS

We evaluate our applicants regardless of their ability to pay tuition!

That's very noble of you!

What's noble? We love it when students can't afford our tuition! It's more slave labor to do the crappy \$5 an hour jobs all our regular employees refuse to do!

This girl wrote such a touching essay on her struggle about being adopted! It's so honest — she really bared her soul!

We've already received five of those — that was the half-price special last month on MyEssays.com!

Fred screwed up again! He mixed up the rejects and acceptees! Where did we find this guy anyway?

He was a hand ballot counter for the Florida Elections Commission!

A 1600 on her SAT's and a 4.0 GPA...well, I'll show little Miss Perfect Katy that her luck has just run dry!



I'D RATHER BE ASLEEP
SPRING BREAK
APRIL



WASTE IS A TERRIBLE THING TO MIND

X-FILES X-POSURE

ILLIAN FERSON

REJECT

SUPER TREK 9
70 A
SEXY

BEHIND THE SCENES ADMISSIONS OFFICE

One of this year's rejectees is on the phone. He wants to know how we could possibly reject a valedictorian with a 4.0 grade point average and perfect SAT scores!

Tell him two words: white male!

With all our quotas, I sometimes feel like we've got no room left for the truly qualified students!

I know what you mean — affirmative action is a drag!

Who's talking affirmative action? I'm talking about all the spots we're forced to leave open for friends and kids of wealthy alumni!

Oh no, I spilled my morning coffee all over these essays! I better bury these two applications in the garbage before the Director of Admissions sees them!

READING IS FUN TO MENTAL

PLEASE GET US COMPUTERS!
SUGGESTION & COMPLAINT

Here's a student with straight A's and perfect SAT's!

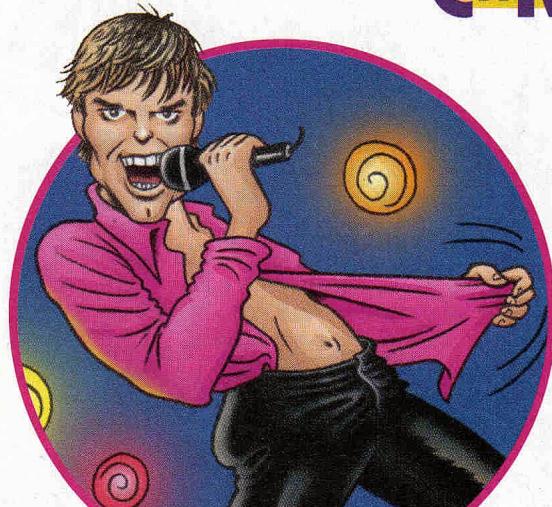
That makes the decision quite easy, doesn't it?

You're damn right! She's not setting foot in this school! We don't need students smarter than our instructors!

Remember when they said if you played certain records backwards, you'd hear secret, sometimes satanic messages? Well, there are some cases in music where the message isn't hidden, it's right in your face! Here's...

INSTANT MUSIC REVIEWS

CHRISTINA AGUILERA



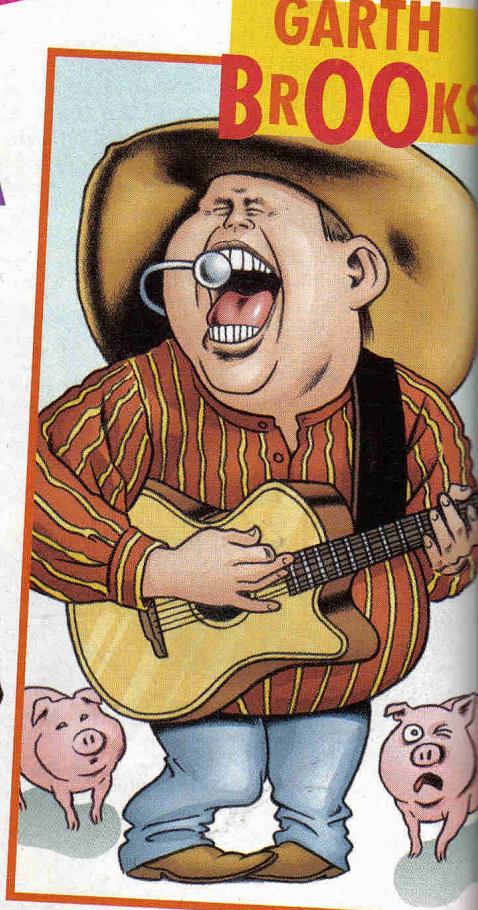
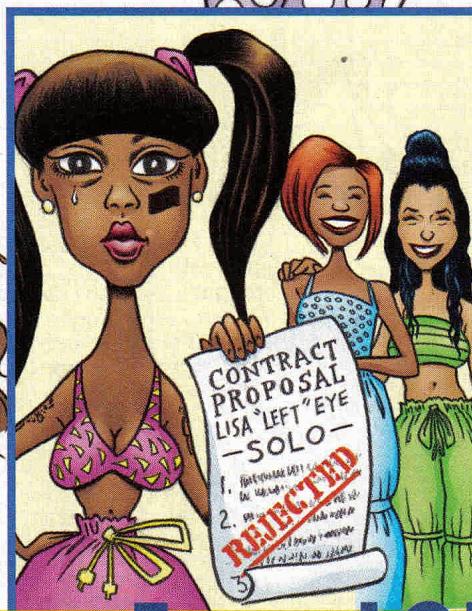
RICKY MARTIN



TED NUGENT



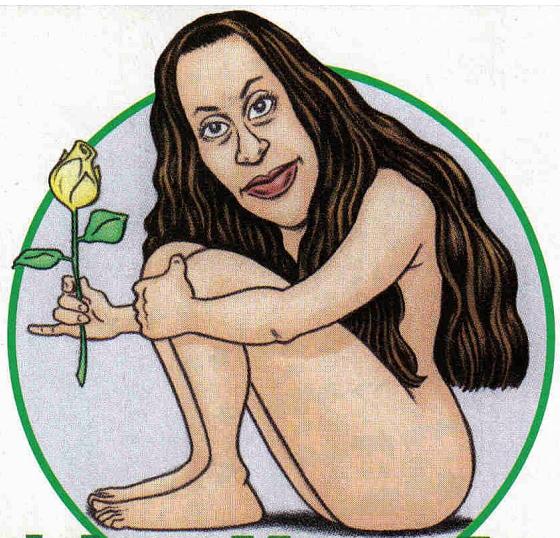
LISA "LEFT EYE" LOPEZ



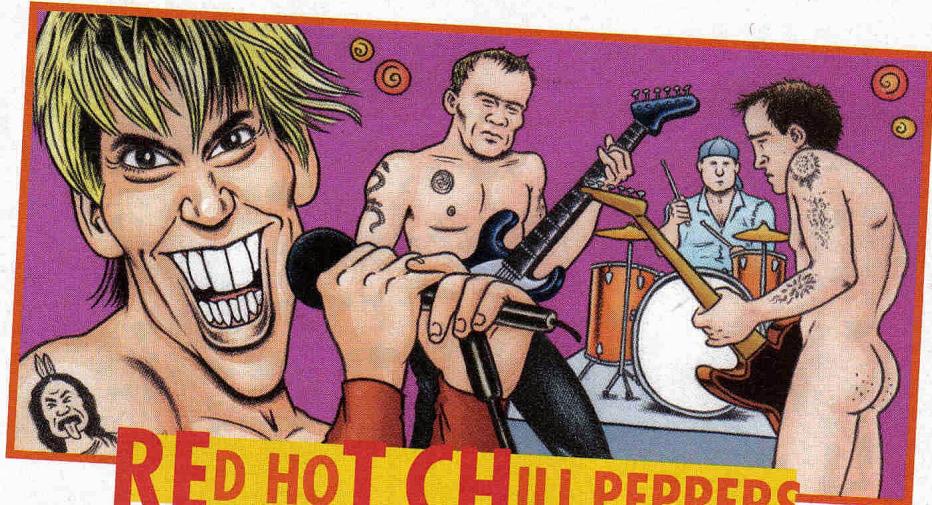
STEVIE NICKS

ARTIST: RICK TULKA

WRITER: RUSS COOPER



ALANIS MORISSETTE

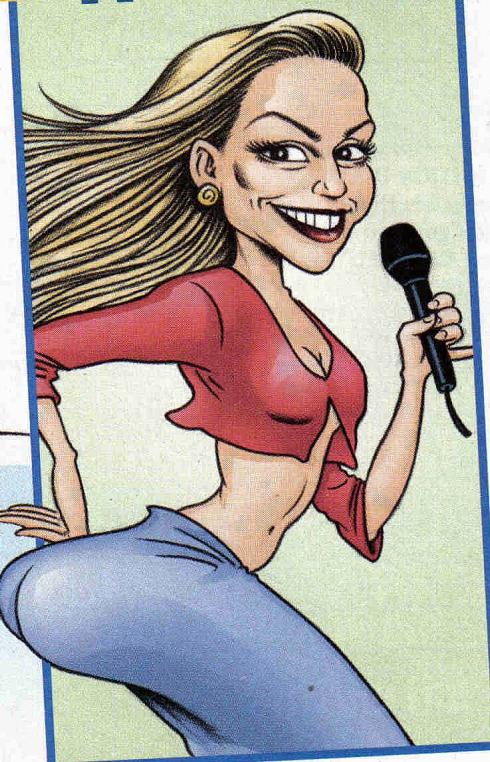


RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS

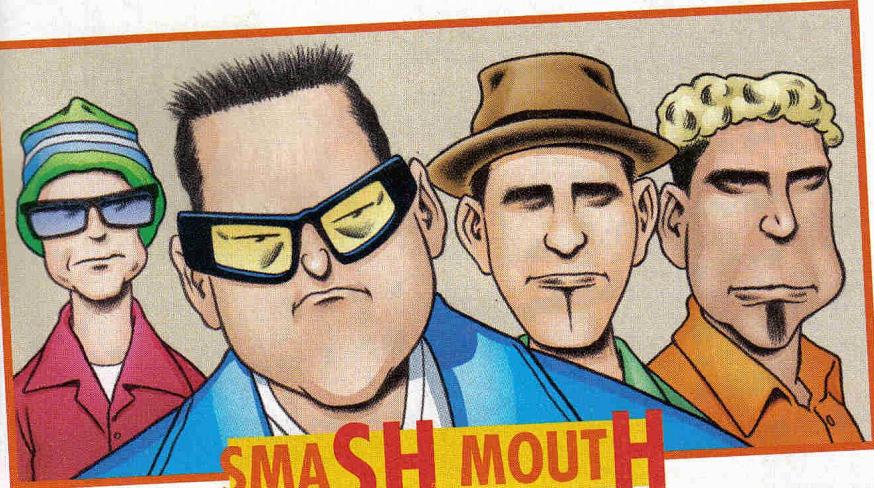


ELTON JOHN

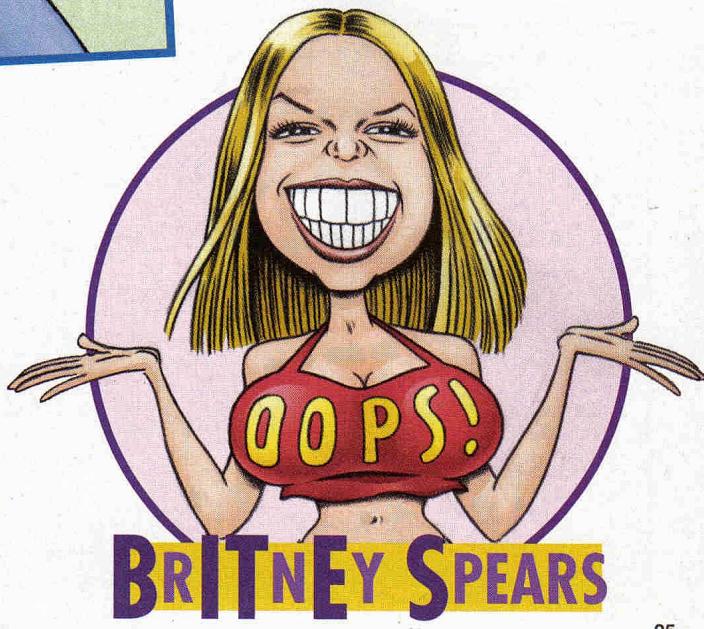
JENNIFER LOPEZ



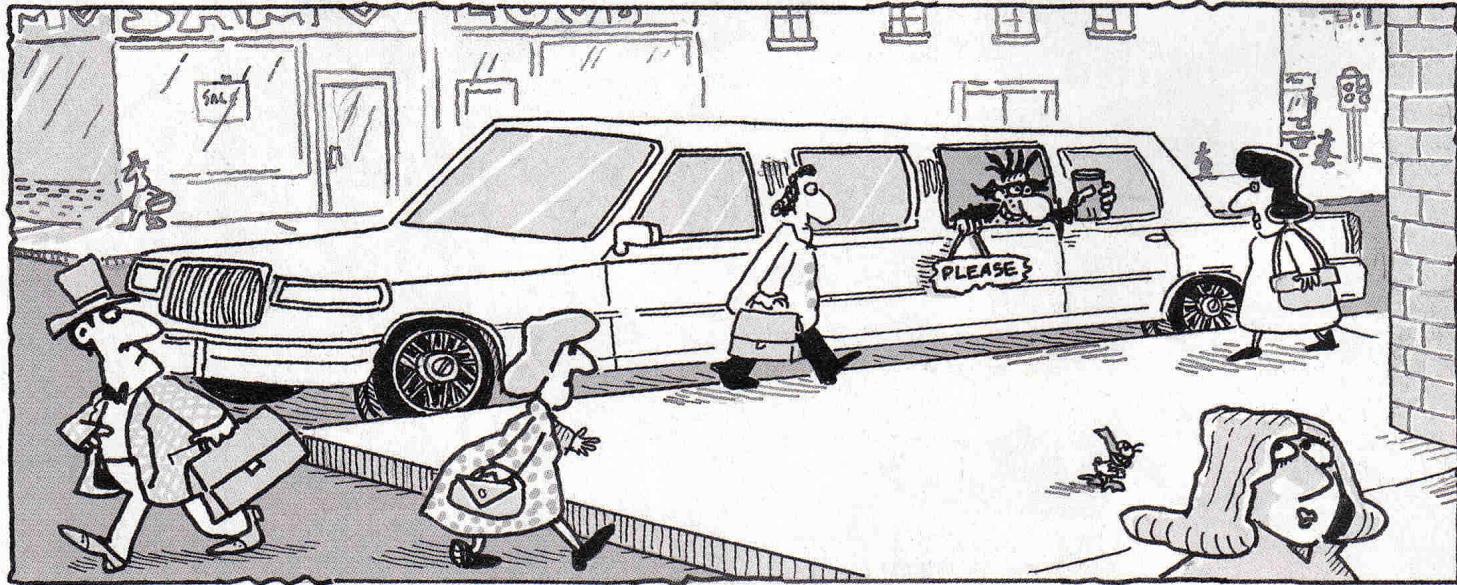
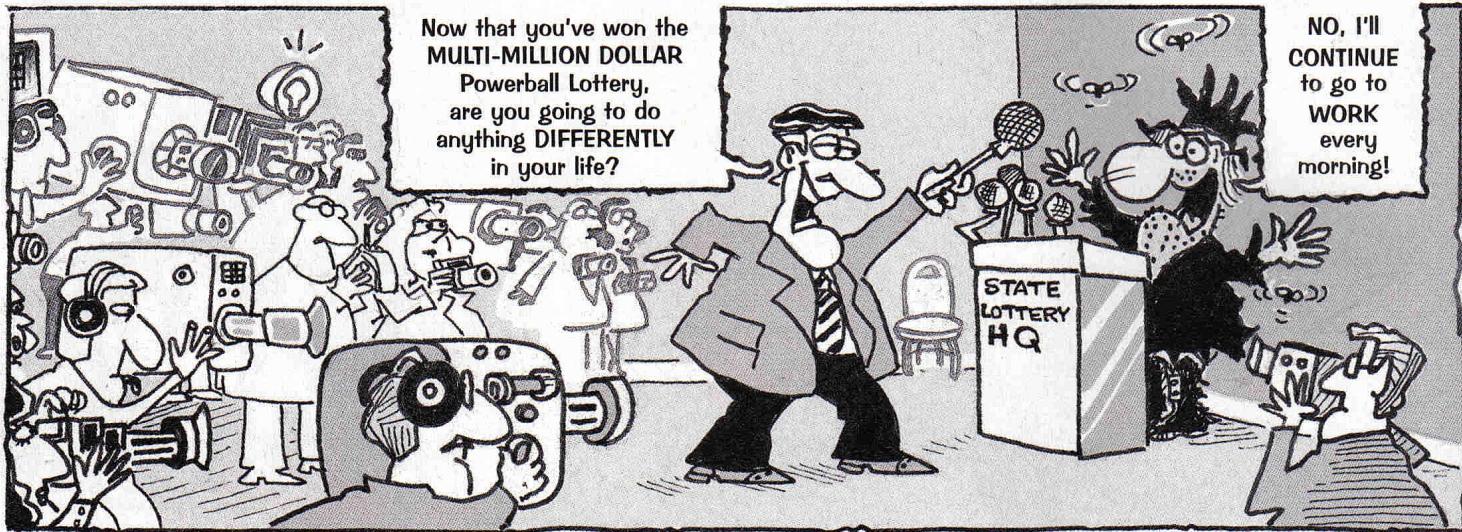
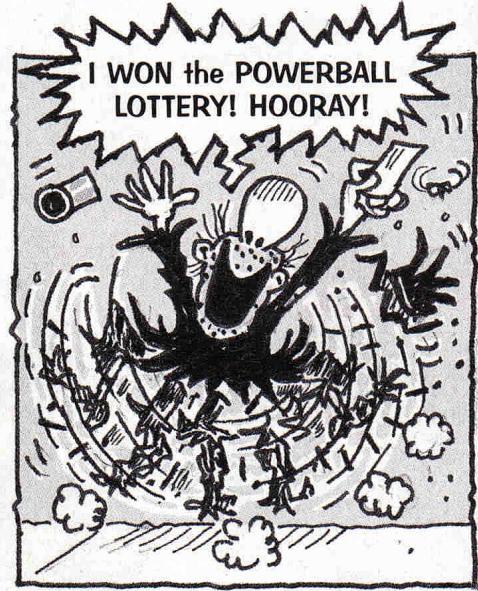
WHITNEY HOUSTON



SMASH MOUTH



BRITNEY SPEARS

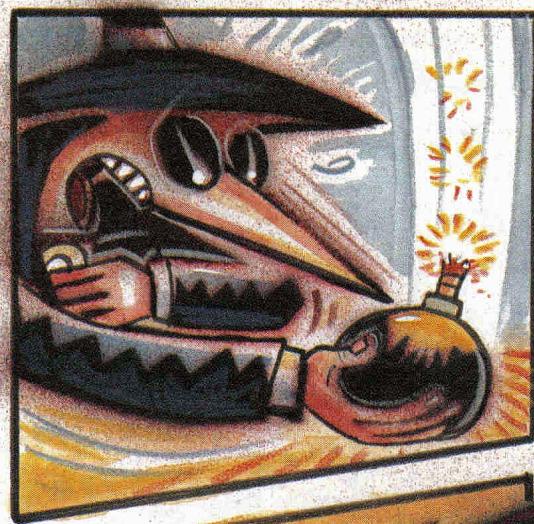
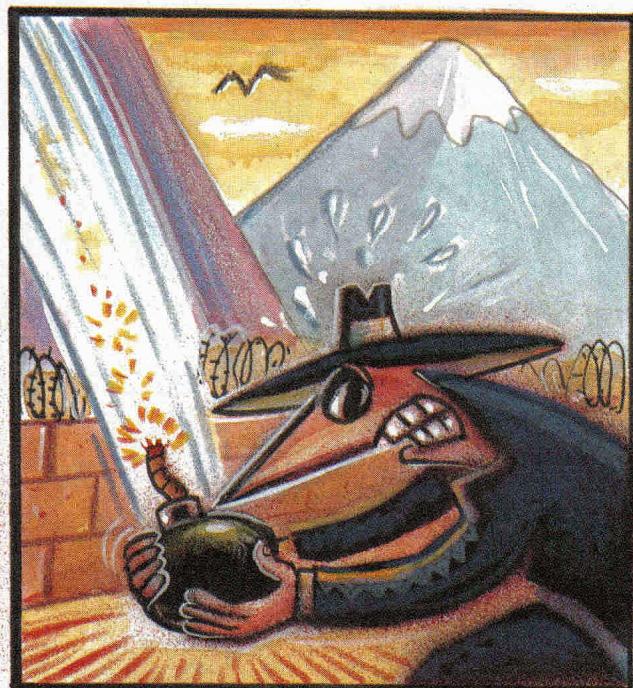
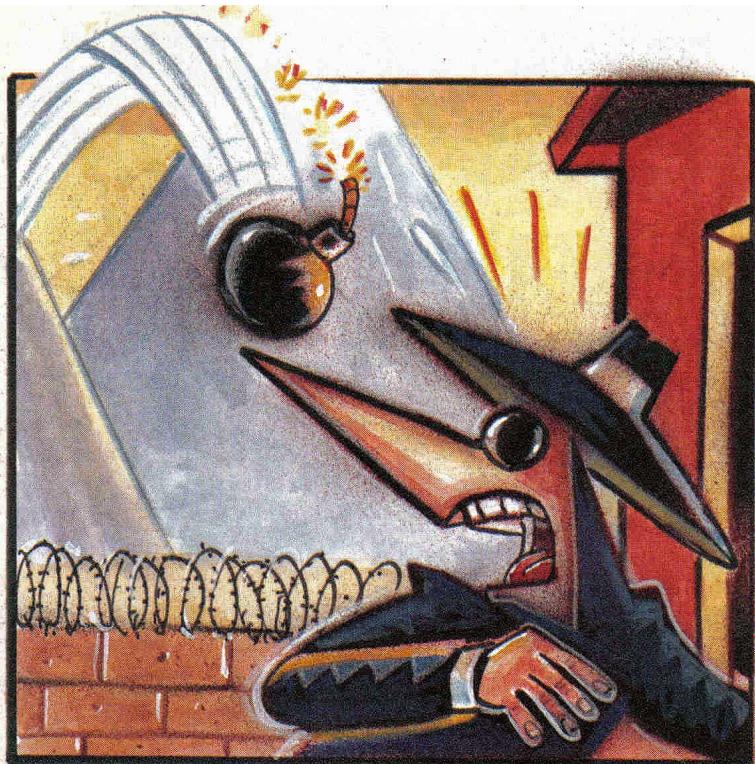




JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT.

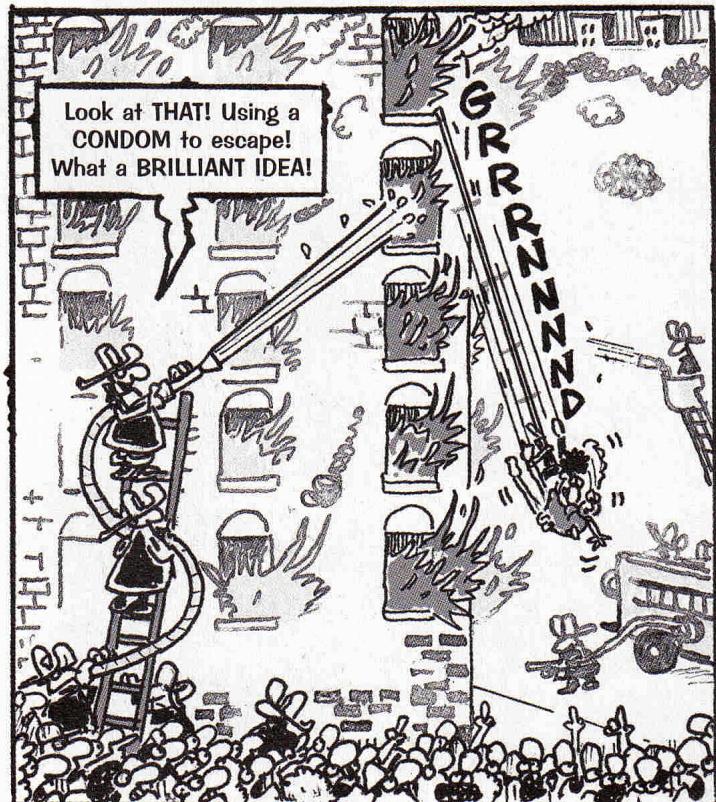
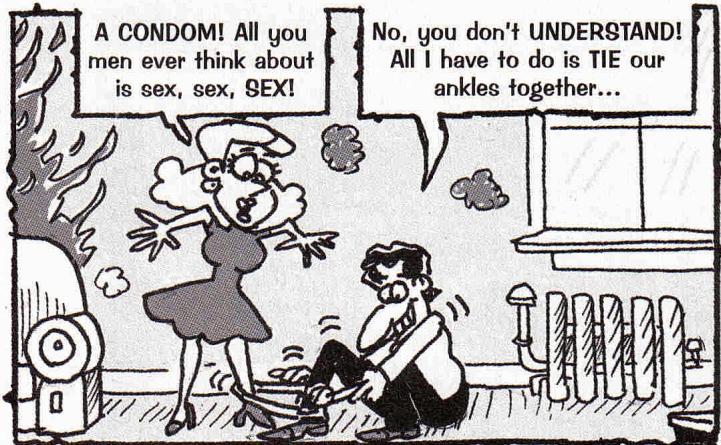


ARTIST AND WRITER: PETER KUPER



KUPER

OH RUBBER, WHERE ART THOU?



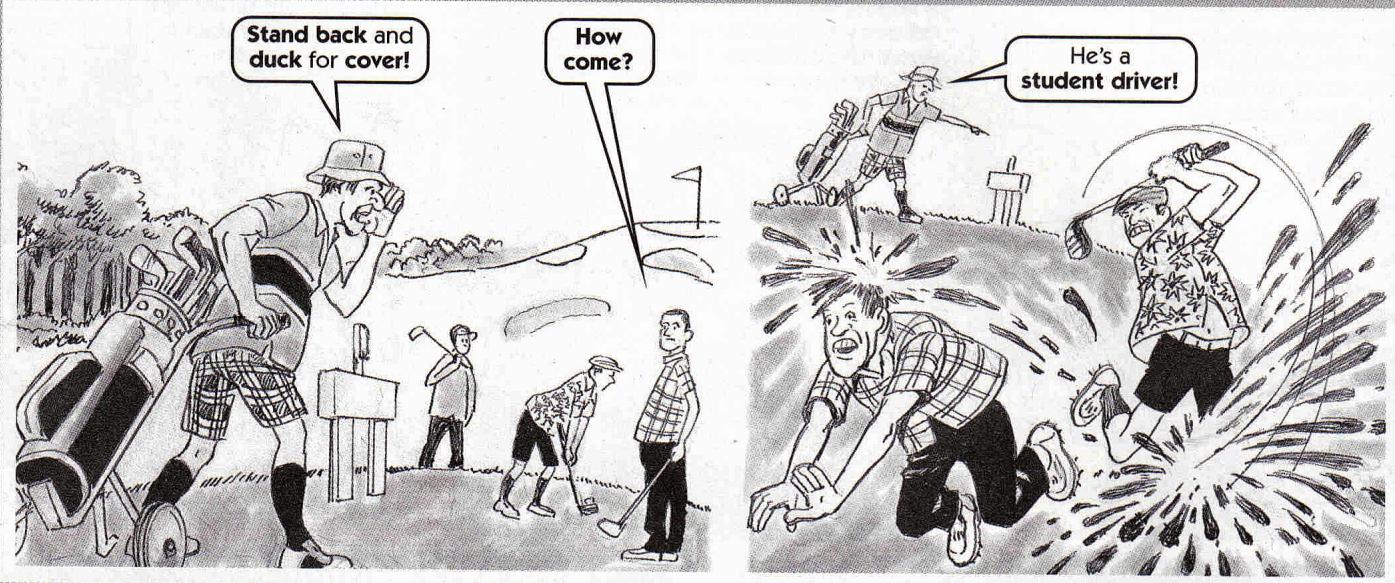


BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE

GOLF

ARTIST AND WRITER: DAVE BERG



AIRLINES



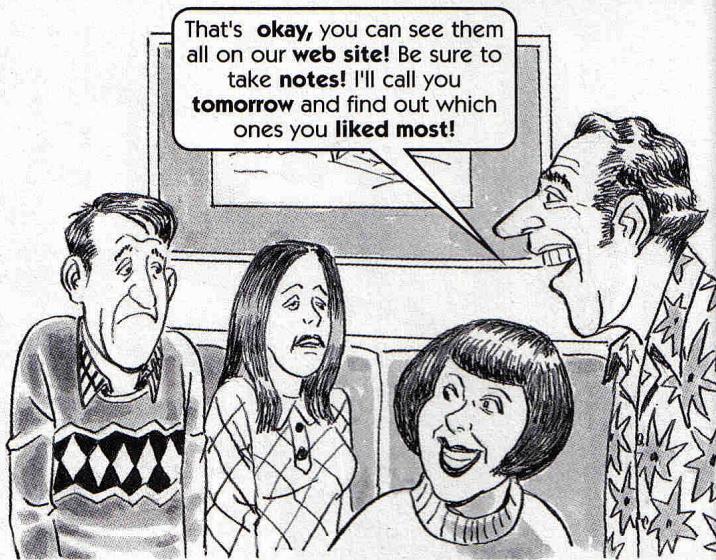
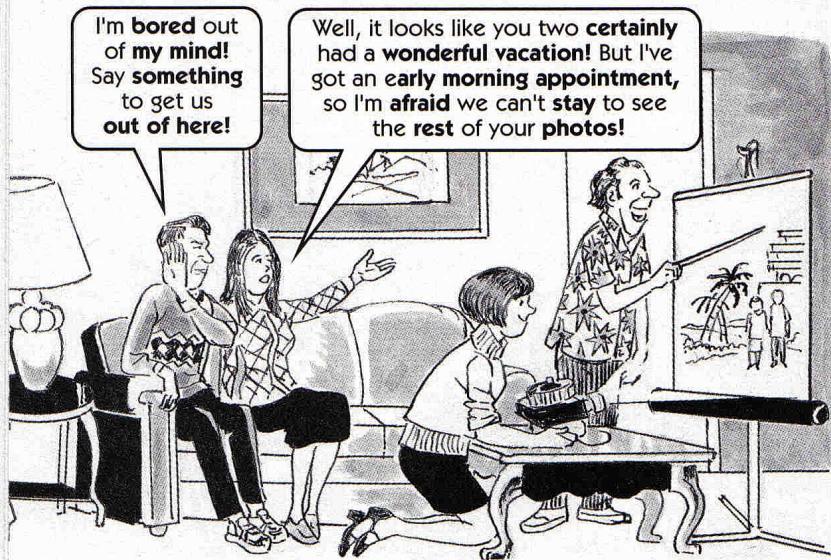
JUSTICE

You've been sequestered all day, jury members! Have you finally come to a decision?

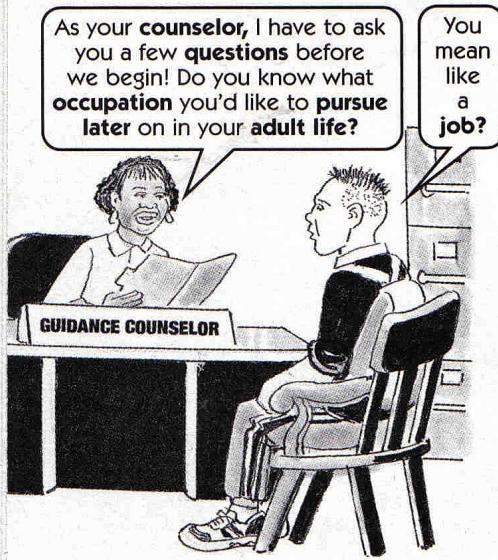
Yes, your Honor! We have voted for Chinese food for dinner!



SHARING



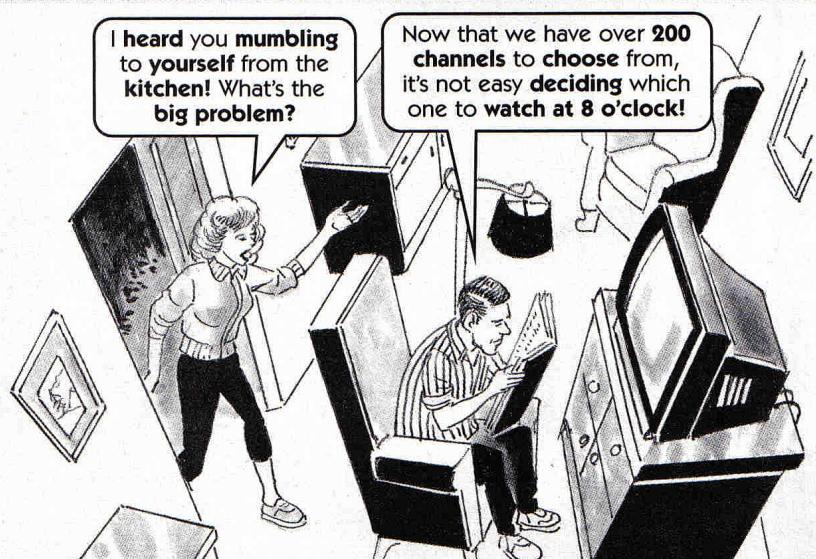
GUIDANCE



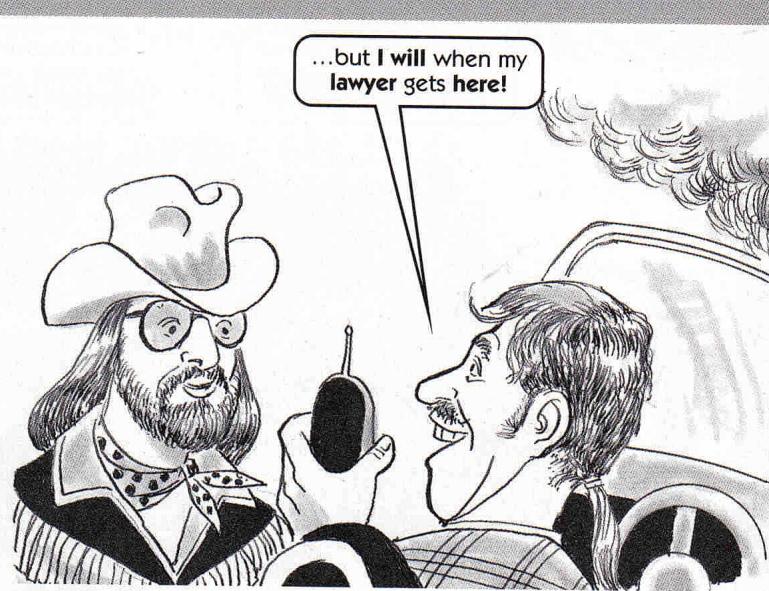
RELATIVITY



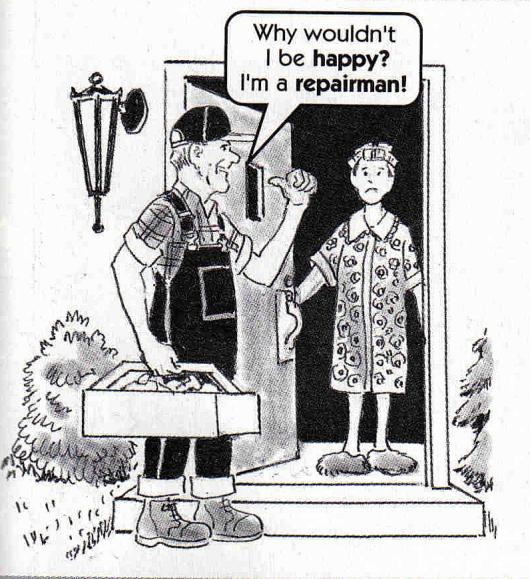
PROGRAMMING



ACCIDENTS



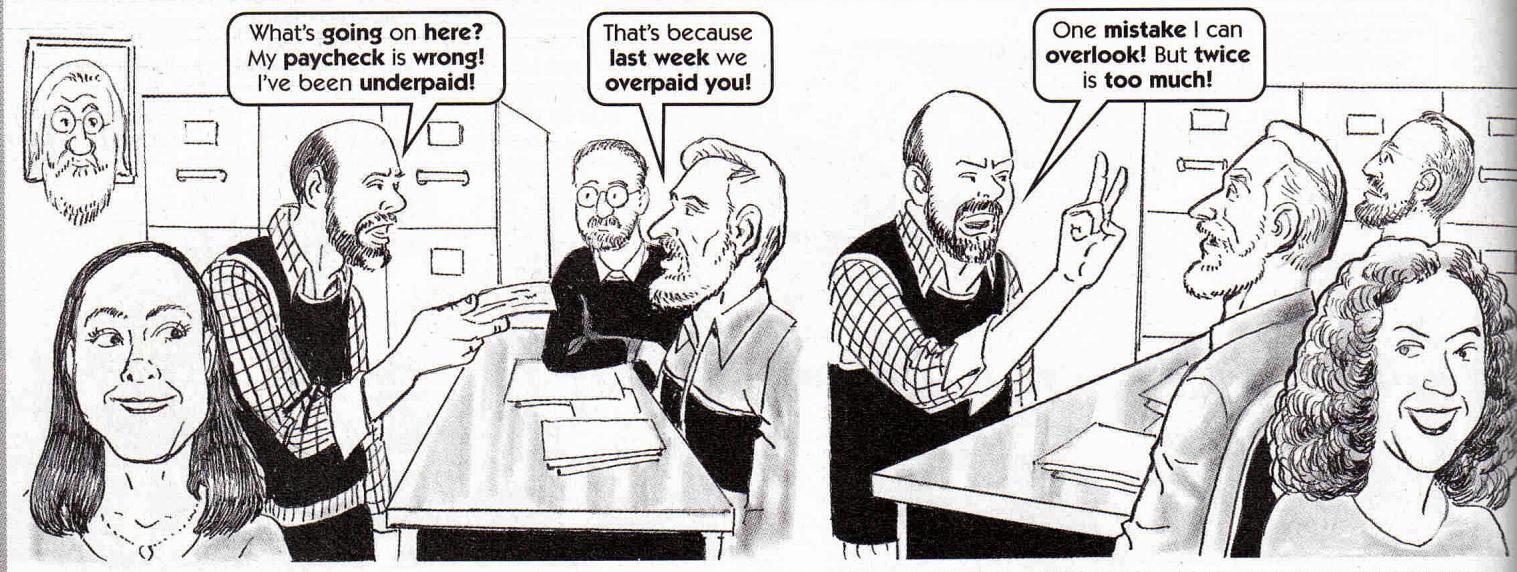
THERAPY



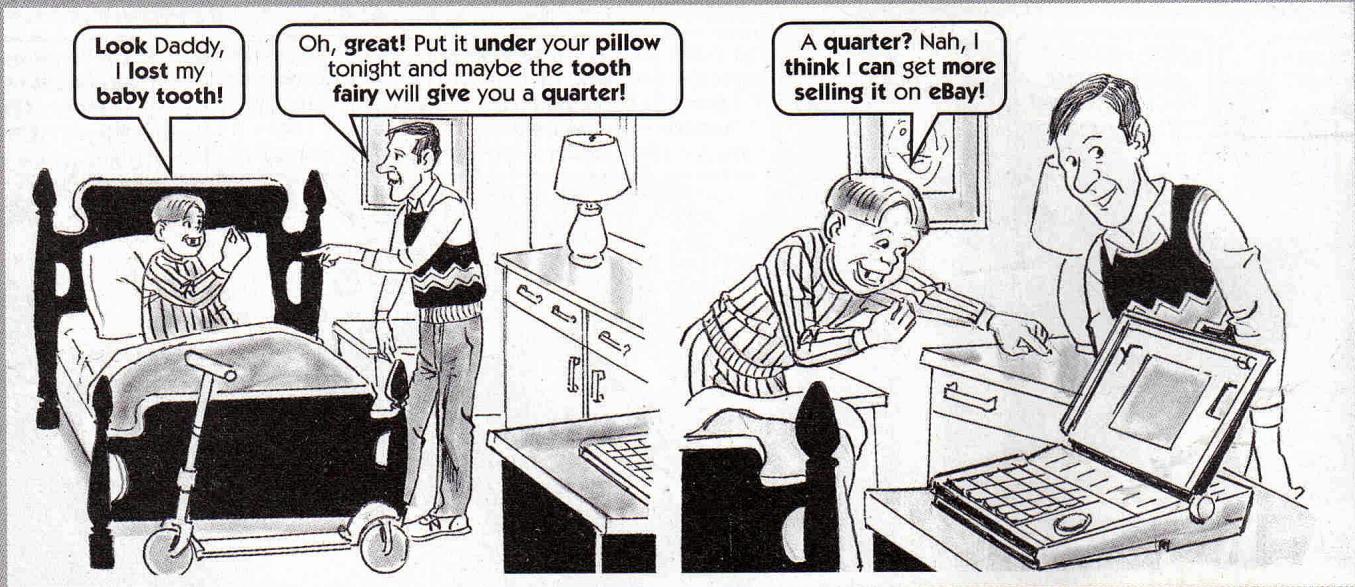
EMERGENCIES



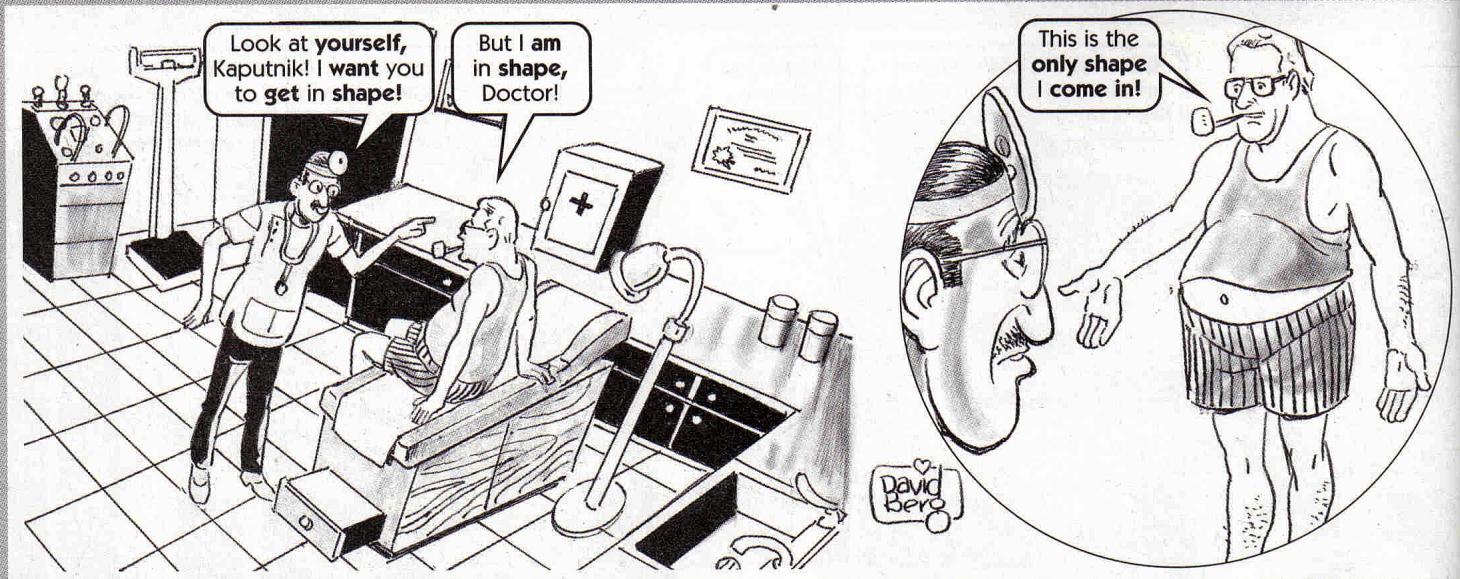
THE OFFICE



FINANCE



DOCTORS



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That Exposes How Untrustworthy the Media Is

SHRILL'S CONTENT



Peoples
Awards

ELECTION CENSORSHIP:
HOW THE MAJOR NETWORKS
CONSTANTLY SHUT OUT
DANGEROUS, WACKO FRINGE
POLITICAL CANDIDATES
WHO HAVE NO CHANCE OF WINNING

HOW IRAQ'S MEDIA DISPLAYED
A CLEAR PRO-SADDAM BIAS
DURING THE GULF WAR

CREDENTIALS: WHAT EXACTLY
ENTITLES ESPN'S JOE MORGAN
TO COMMENT ON BASEBALL?

The People's Choice Awards Are they just a big popularity contest?

JUST HOW "POTENT"
ARE THOSE POTABLES
ON JEOPARDY?

WHAT THE KOREAN LANGUAGE
LIVESTOCK REPORTS ON UHF
AREN'T TELLING YOU

NIT-PICKING
IS A VIRTUE

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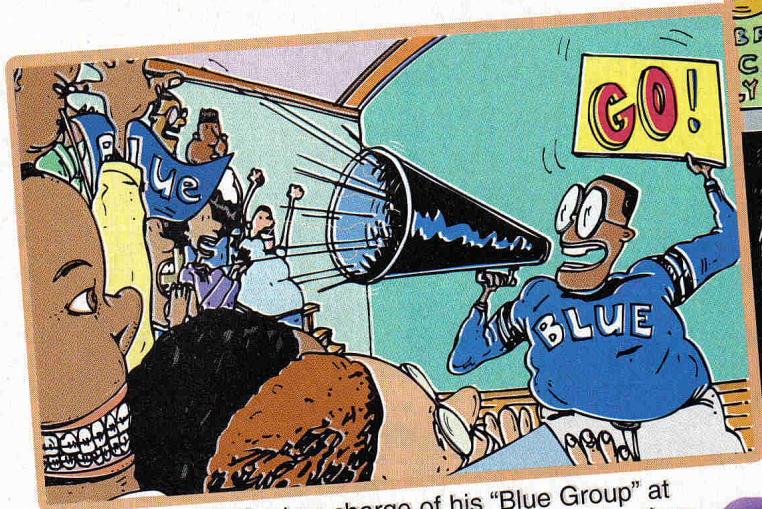
to report the
facts in a fair,
objective fashion.
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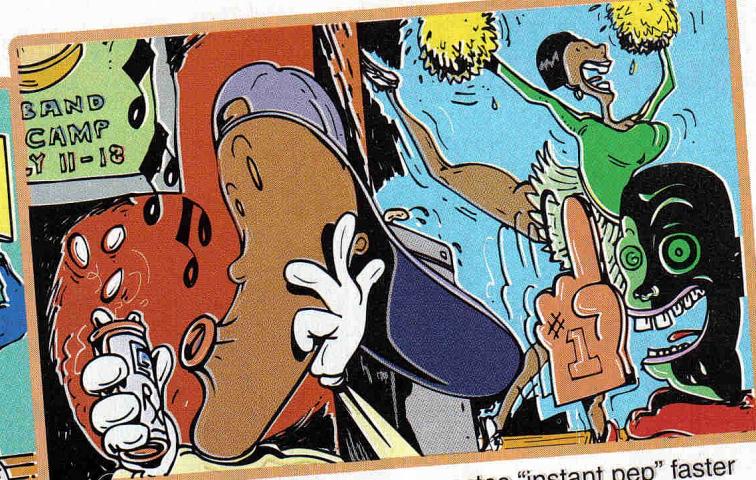
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this ridiculous ad
until you subscribe.



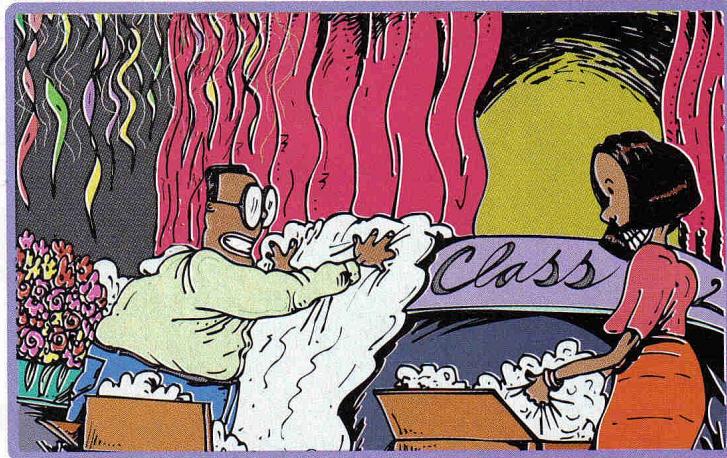
THE SCHMUCKS STOP HERE DEPT.



JENKINS takes charge of his "Blue Group" at the pep rally, and urges them to cheer louder than the Red Group and Gold Group combined.



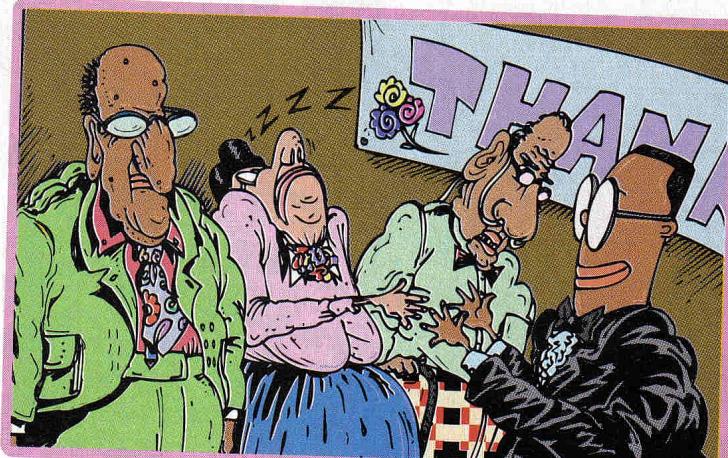
MELVIN thinks that nothing creates "instant pep" faster than amphetamines in the communal water fountains.



JENKINS helps drape the auditorium with multi-colored bunting in advance of the graduation festivities.



MELVIN is informed by the principal that "SEE YOU IN HELL, SCUMBAGS" isn't quite the graduation theme that the administration was hoping to see.



JENKINS puts together a retirement party for the school's most senior teacher to say "thank you for the caring...thank you for the guidance...thank you for your service."



MELVIN pulls the old collapsible cane switcheroo under the classic comedy premise "always leave 'em laughing."



JENKINS makes a straw figure representing the rival school's coach, and burns it in effigy at the rally before the big game.

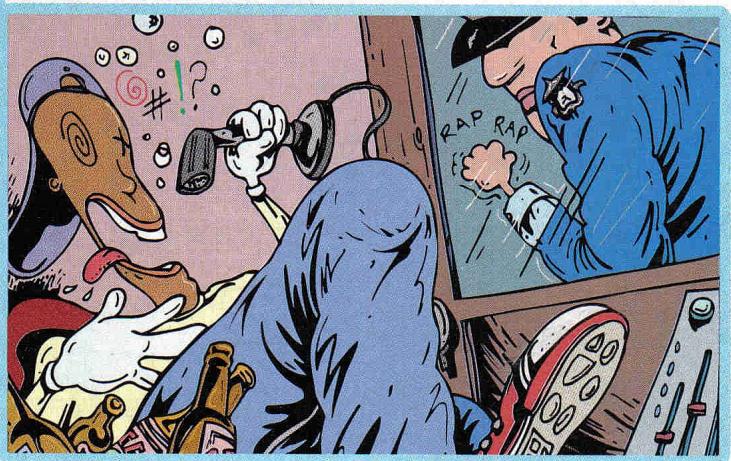


MELVIN says, "Why waste all that time making a straw figure?"

Jenkins'



JENKINS volunteers to read the daily announcements over the P.A. system during homeroom period.

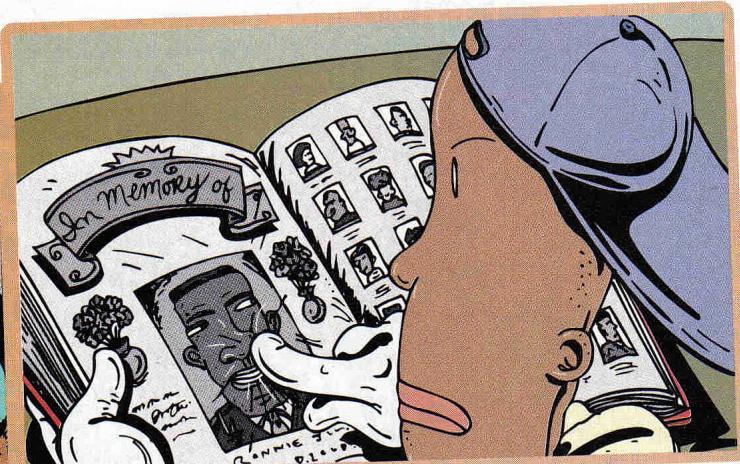


MELVIN barricades himself inside the sound booth and gets all the way down to "Three bottles of beer on the wall" before the Fire Marshall bursts through.

YEARBOOK SPIRIT



JENKINS joins the yearbook committee and tries to ensure that no single clique dominates the photographs.



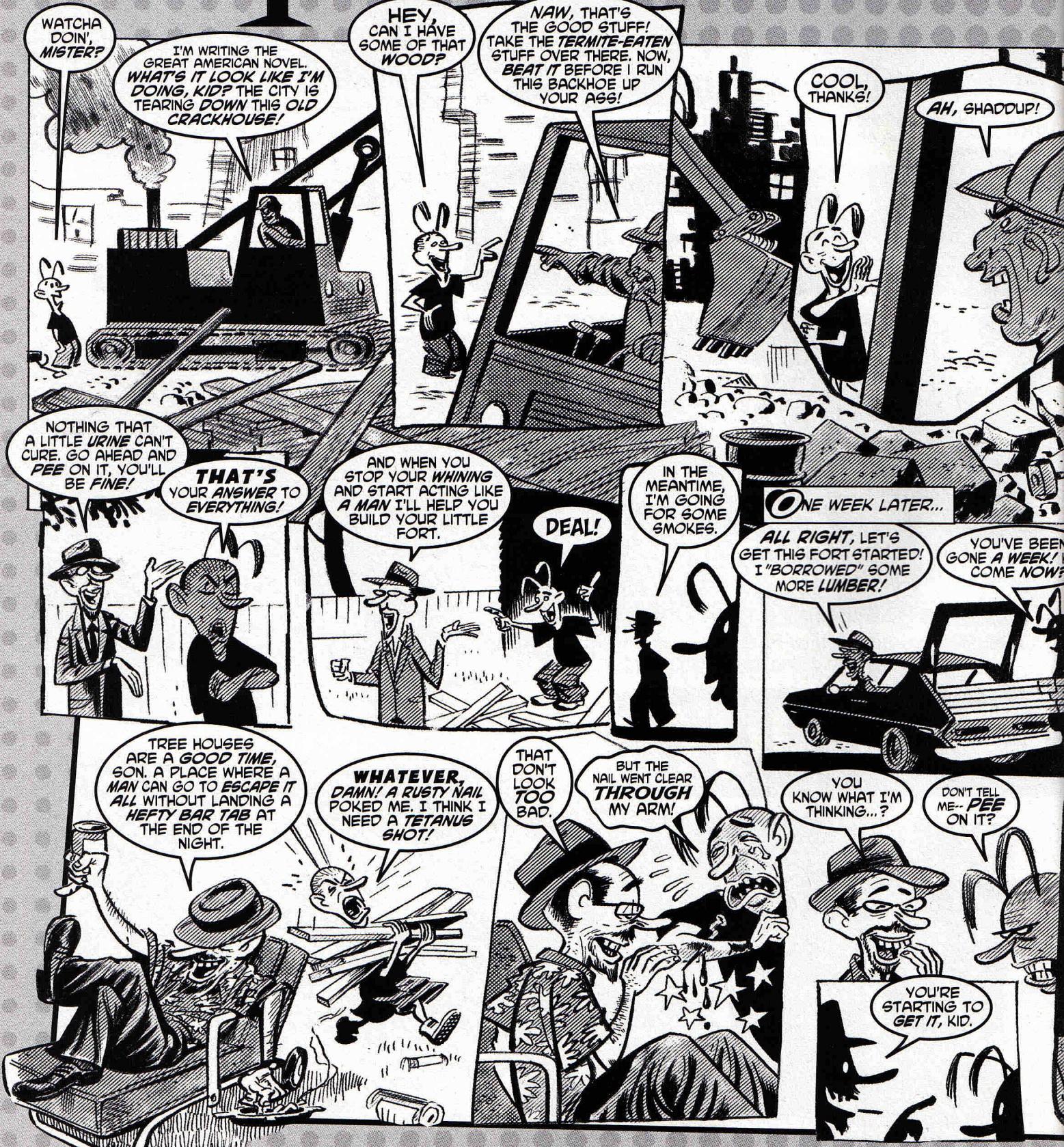
MELVIN says, "No fair, how come the dead kid gets a whole page to himself?"



The lair, the club-house, the hideout. Whatever you call it, we all need sanctuary from life's headaches.

Even our hero. Grab a hammer, it's...

Monroe and...



THE TREEHOUSE





CABLE TV,
A MINIFRIDGE--
THIS IS THE **BEST**
TREE HOUSE
EVER!

NICE,
HUH?

JUST
DON'T INVITE
THE NEIGHBORS!
THEY MIGHT WANT
THEIR STUFF
BACK!

I'M GONNA
GO TELL MY
FRIENDS!

SURE
THING, KID!
"FRIENDS,"
GOOD
ONE!

PAT!

PAT!

CARE FOR
ANOTHER
"SUNNY D,"
JOLINDA?

THANKS,
TARZAN! I JUST
LOVE TREE
HOUSE DUDES!

HEY, PRIVATE
PARTY, KID! DAMMIT!
WHO'S DEALING THESE
CARDS?!

DON'T SWEAT
IT, KNUCKLES. HE'S
WITH ME.

LISTEN MONROE,
YOUR MOM'S IN ONE OF
HER **MONTHLY MOODS** AND
THAT FREAKIN' BABY BROTHER
OF YOURS NEVER STOPS CRYIN',
SO I'M GONNA NEED THE
CLUBHOUSE FOR A WHILE, YOU
UNDERSTAND?

BUT... I
BROUGHT A
"FRIEND" OVER!
I TOLD YOU!

ATER...
HEY, KID,
WHAT AM I, AN
ORPHAN? MY DRINK
NEEDS MORE ICE
OVER HERE!

... AND HOW
MANY TIMES I
GOTTA ASK HIM
FOR A FREAKIN'
ASHTRAY?

DON'T MIND MY
BOY, FELLAS. I DROPPED
HIM ON HIS HEAD A COUPLE
OF TIMES WHEN HE WAS A BABY,
CHOP, CHOP, MONROE! AND
KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR WHEN
OLD LADY HENDERSON USES
THE SHOWER!

I'LL BE
IN THE CELLAR
WITH MY FRIENDS,
THE RATS!

Bill
WRAY



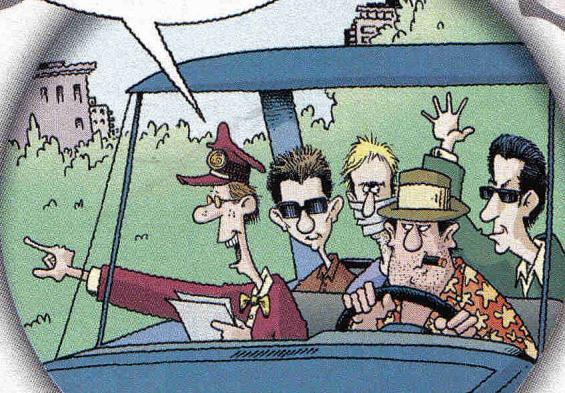
A WORD TO THE WISE GUYS DEPT.

Not for nuttin', but ever since HBO first put dat dere show Da Sopranos on da air, everybody's freakin' actin' and talkin' like dey are wise guys. Alls we got to say is, "Hold your freakin' horses, Don Schmendrick!" To be a member in good standin' wit da boys, you foist gotta prove dat you're a tough guy and can handle yourself in certain "delicate" situations. Ya know, like cappin' a guy and cuttin' up his body and plantin' it all over the Joisey swamplands. Only then do you take da oath, swear your allegiance to da mafia and become what is known as a "made man." So, all you Paulie Walnuts Wannabes out dere, you think ya got what it takes? Don't make us freakin' laugh...

YOU CAN Fuhgeddabout BECOMING A

Made Man IN THE Soprano MOB IF...

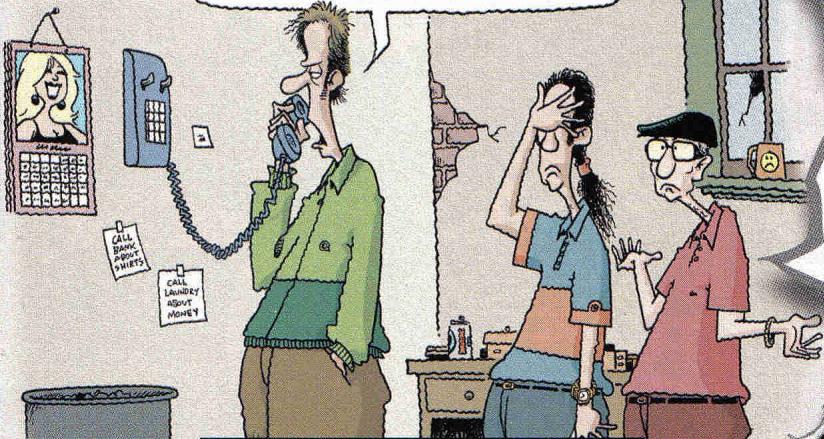
COMING UP ON THE
RIGHT, THE BIRTHPLACE OF
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN...
CAN ANYONE NAME HIS
BIGGEST SELLING ALBUM?



When "taking a guy for a ride," your primary task is pointing out historical landmarks.

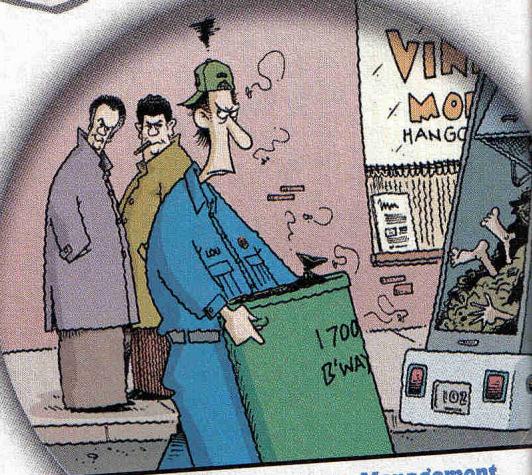
ARTIST AND WRITER:
JOHN CALDWELL

YOU WANT "THE ROCK" OVER AL
SNOW AT THE GARDEN?!?! I'LL
GIVE YOU THREE TO ONE, CHUMP!

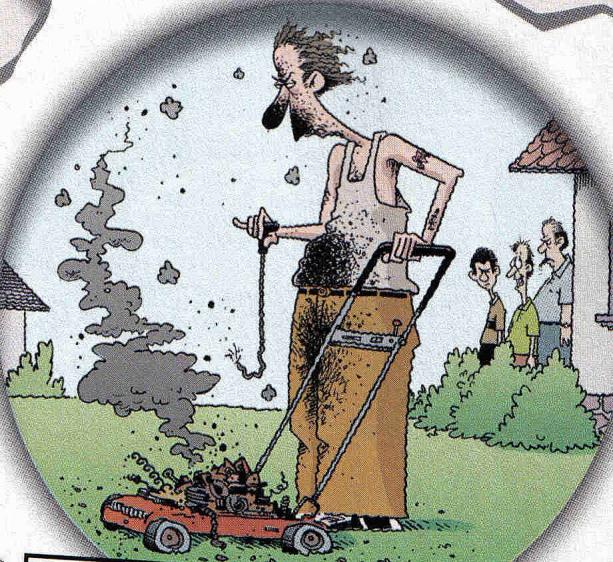


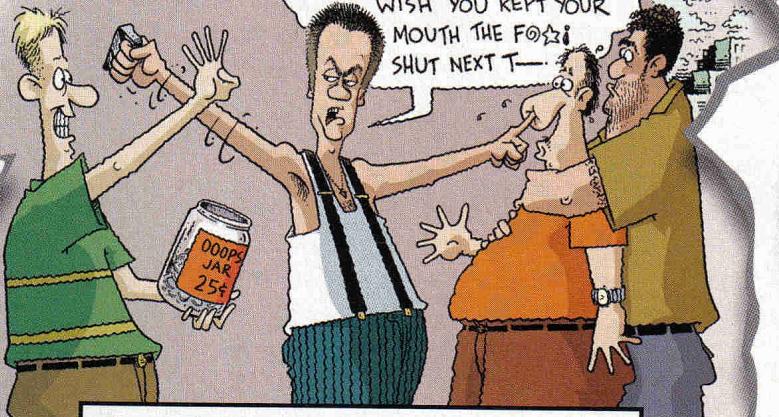
Your bookmaking operation
specializes in professional wrestling.

Your self-proclaimed "brilliant" suburbia-targeted plan to whack guys as they start their lawnmowers proves less than successful.

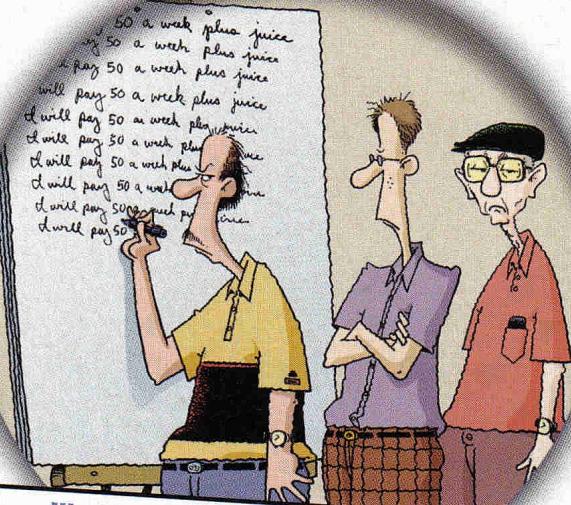


You're the only "Waste Management Consultant" in your 12-man crew who actually wears coveralls and handles waste.

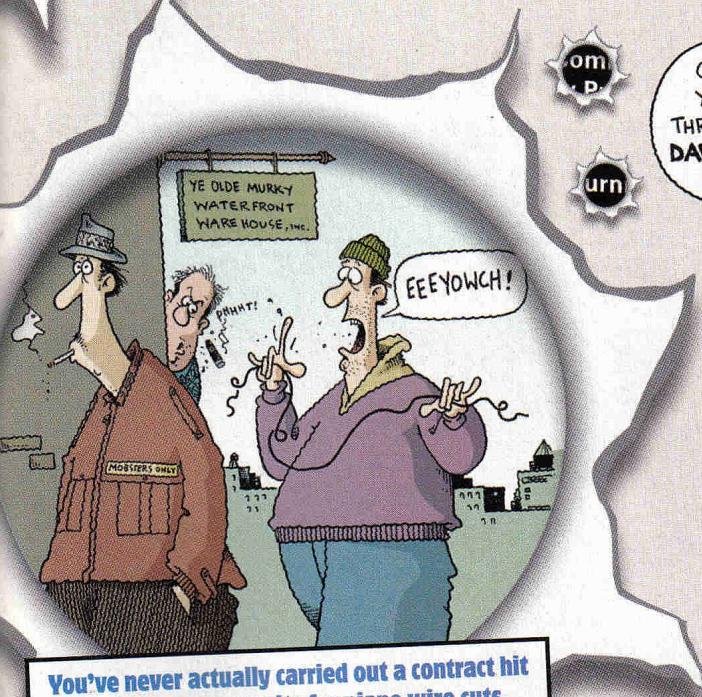




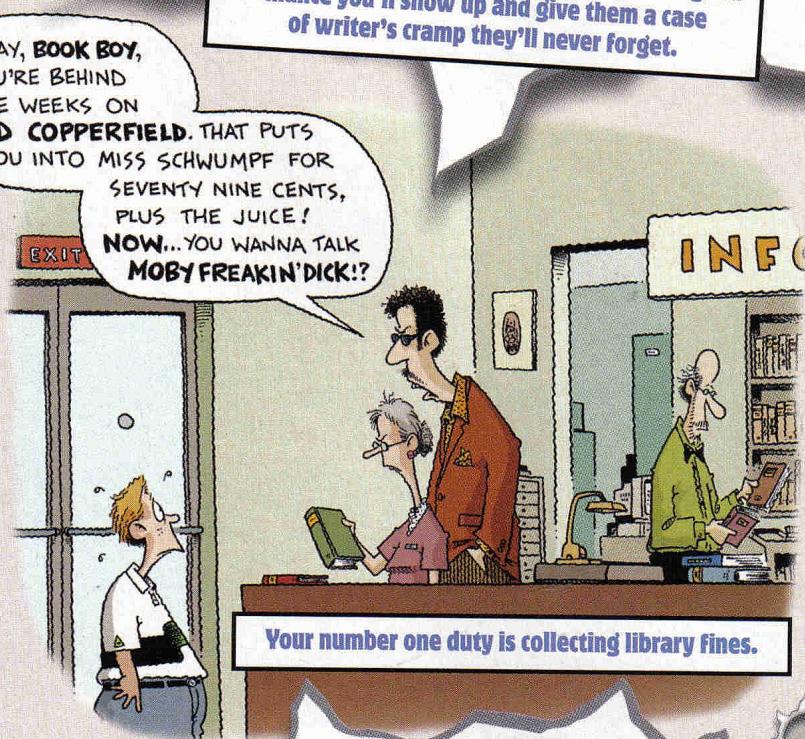
You continually pester guys with a stupid quarter jar every time somebody drops the F-word.



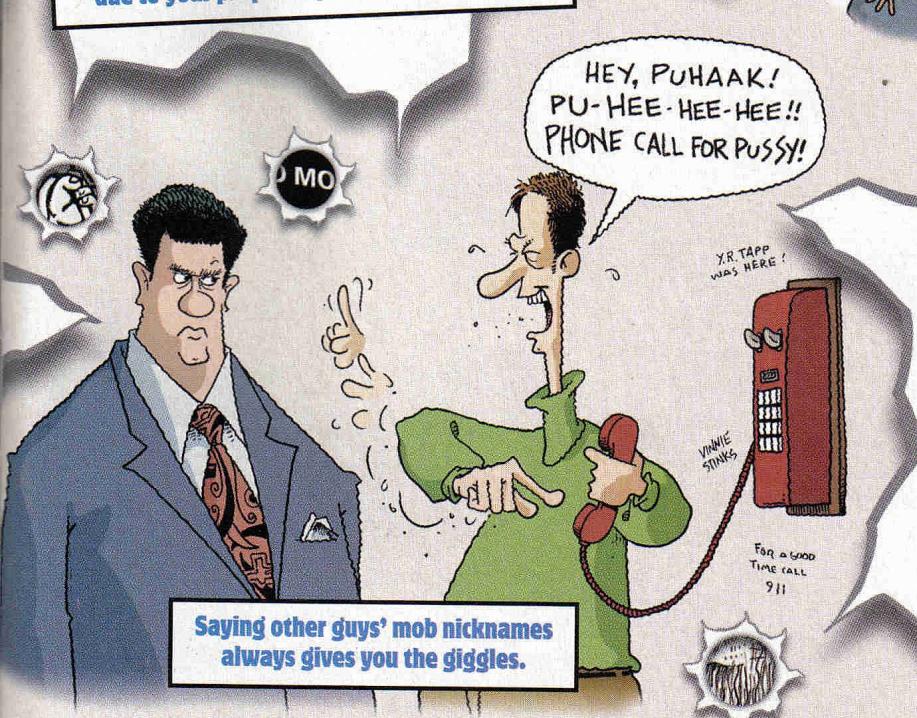
Word is out on the street that if someone's late paying off his gambling debts, there's a good chance you'll show up and give them a case of writer's cramp they'll never forget.



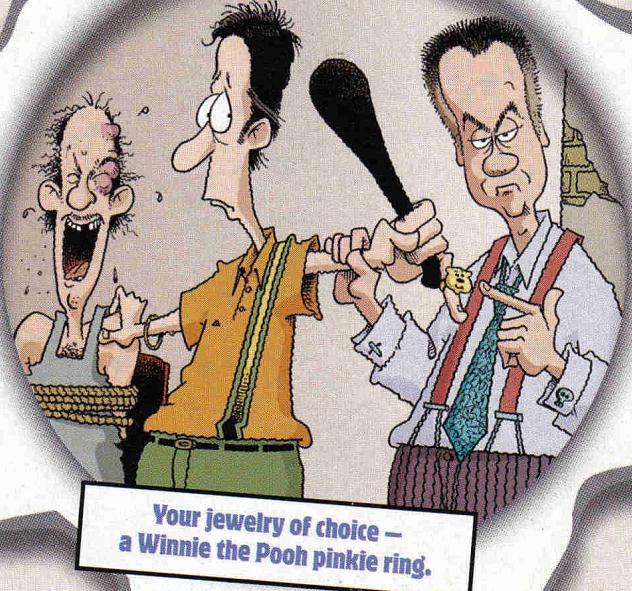
You've never actually carried out a contract hit
due to your propensity for piano wire cuts.



Your number one duty is collecting library fines.



Saying other guys' mob nicknames always gives you the giggles.



Your jewelry of choice –
a Winnie the Pooh pinkie ring.



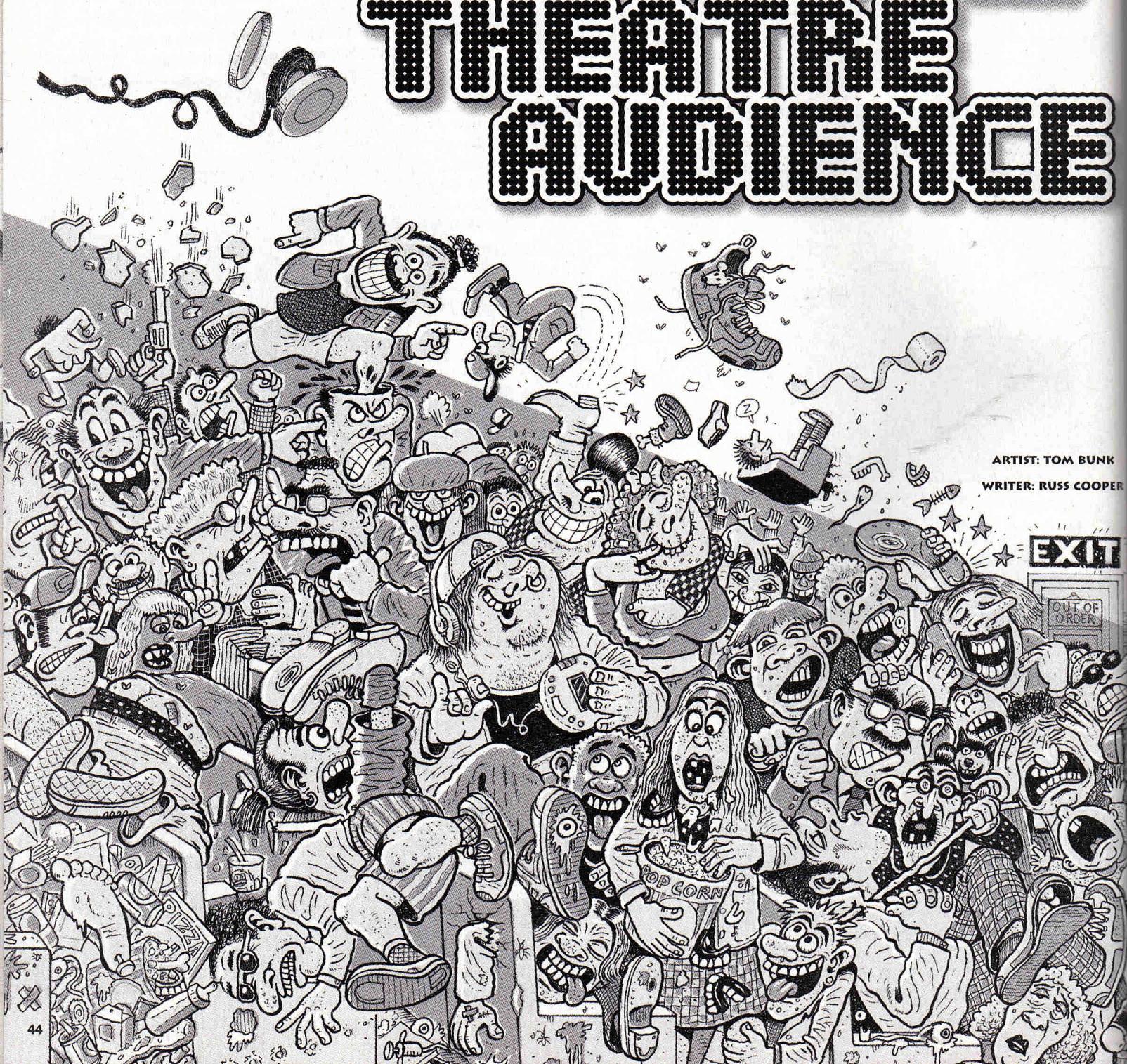
PATRON TAINTS DEPT.

If for once in your life you stayed until the end of a movie instead of bolting out early to sneak into the theatre next door so you could see two movies for the price of one, you'd know that at the end of each movie they show something called the credits. The credits consist of the names of the people responsible for making the film you just saw. Which got us thinking. If directors and actors can get credit on the big screen, then why not credit everything connected with your moviegoing experience? We're running out of space, so we might as well just show you! Please stay seated during...

MAD CLOSING CREDITS

for a typical

MOVIE THEATRE AUDIENCE



ARTIST: TOM BUNK

WRITER: RUSS COOPER

Script Continuity Provided By GIRL IN ROW 6 EXPLAINING PLOT
POINTS TO SLOW, SLOW BOYFRIEND

Crinkles, Snaps And Assorted Doodle Bag Rustlings By CHEAP DIPWAD IN ROW 9
SNEAKING IN HER OWN SNACKS

Additional Dialogue And One-Liners By UNFUNNY SCHMUCK IN THE BACK
ROW WHO THINKS HE'S A COMEDIAN

Peripheral Distraction Courtesy Of BUZZING, FAULTILY WIRED ORANGE EXIT SIGN

Cell Phone Interruptions Courtesy Of DISCOURTEOUS A-HOLES IN ROWS 4, 9 AND 12

Laser Pointer "Comic" Effects Annoyingly Provided By ANNOYING A-HOLE IN ROW 2

Inappropriate Oddball Laughter Randomly Furnished By WEIRD DATELESS GUY IN ROW 5

Killer's Identity Prematurely Revealed By KNOW-IT-ALL A-HOLE IN FRONT OF YOU

Random Aggravation Provided By OLD COUPLE IN ROW 19 GRUMBLING ABOUT
HOW THIS R-RATED MOVIE HAS CURSWING IN IT

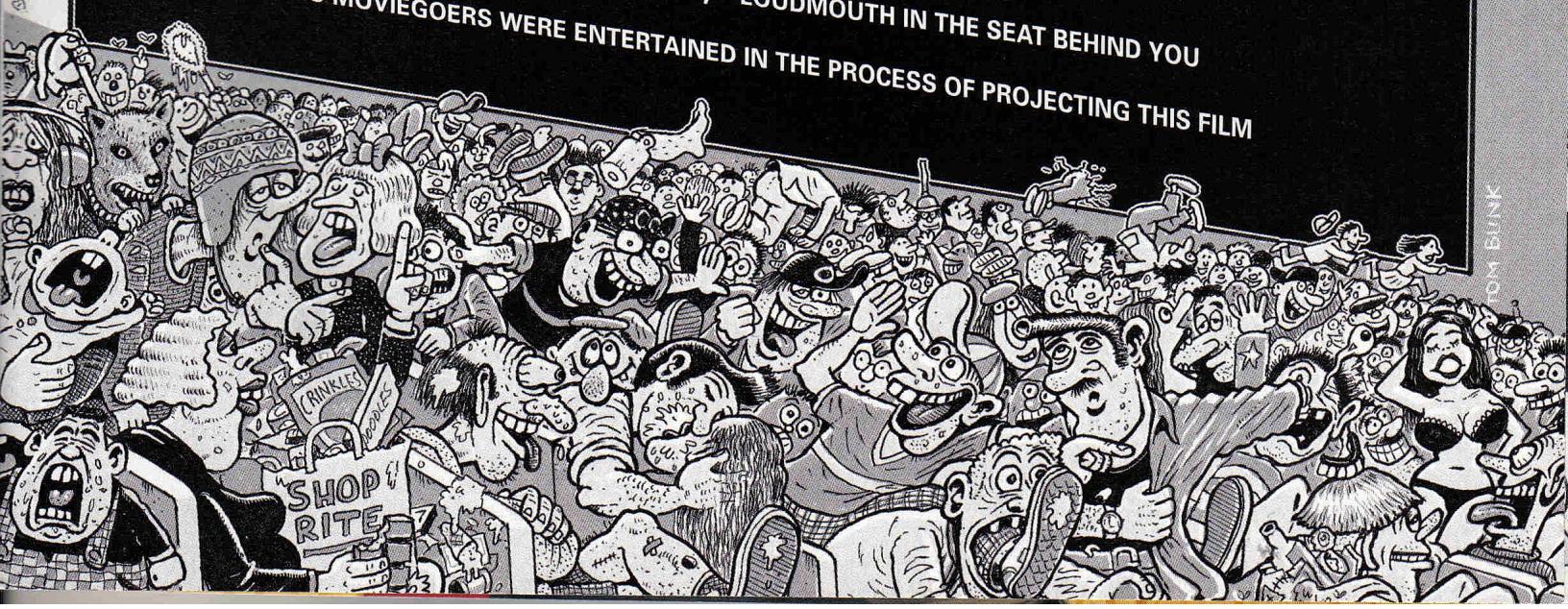
Fat Guy Next To You Played By THE SAME GUY WHO SITS
NEXT TO YOU ON AIRPLANES

Additional Discomfort Provided By THE GUY WHO SITS ON THE OTHER
SIDE OF YOU EVEN THOUGH THERE ARE
PLENTY OF EMPTY SEATS ELSEWHERE

Future \$300 Dental Bill Courtesy Of UNPOPPED CORN KERNEL FROM
THE CONCESSION STAND

Introducing Subtitles And Credits
Pointlessly Read Aloud By A HYSTERICAL BABY WHO, APPARENTLY, HAS
NEVER BEEN IN A DARK THEATRE BEFORE

NO MOVIEGOERS WERE ENTERTAINED IN THE PROCESS OF PROJECTING THIS FILM
LOUDMOUTH IN THE SEAT BEHIND YOU



C.S.OY

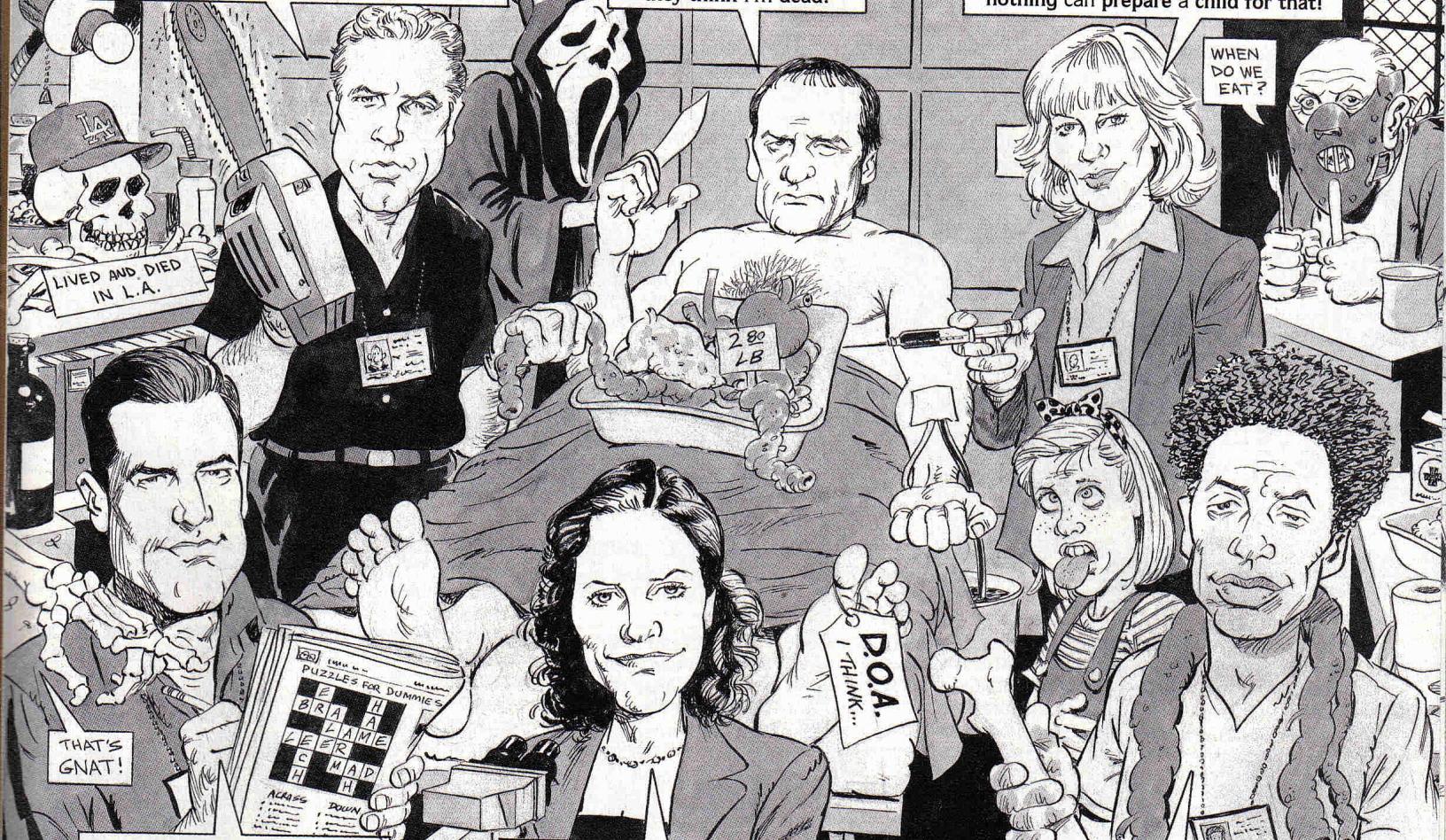
ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO

I'm Bureau Chief Swill Gruesome! I'm a criminalist, and a slave driver to my team! A criminalist is someone who uses forensic science, like splattered blood, severed organs and torn off fingers or toe nails to solve a crime! I use it mostly to make people get sick to their stomach, throw up or pass out! I mean, even a criminalist needs to have a little fun! Some members of my team have accused me of being a bit too much on the "touchy-feely" side with the women around here, but I have an explanation for that! I'm in training to do something like that with an actual *living* female!

I'm Captain Grim! I'm mean! I'm insensitive! I'm unlovable and I'm overbearing! In other words, C.S.Oy may think it's breaking new ground on TV, but my portrayal of a police captain is as hackneyed as on any other cop show! I'm also so stiff, at least once a month, some jerk at C.S.Oy starts doing an autopsy on me because they think I'm dead!

I'm Caughtone Gallows, a single mom with a dual role in life! I work hard as a Crime Scene Investigator, while trying to be a proper parent as I raise my little girl! To give her an idea of what her mom does for a living, I took her with me to "daughters at work" day! She sat through three autopsies and visited the morgue twice! Now I feel nothing can upset her in real life! Except she still does get sick watching most of the shows on the Fox network! Unfortunately, nothing can prepare a child for that!

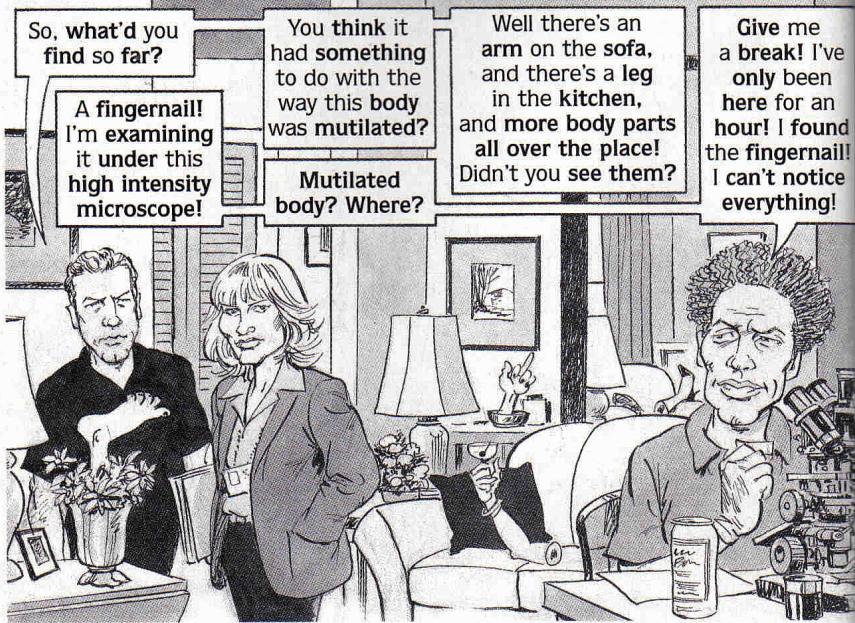
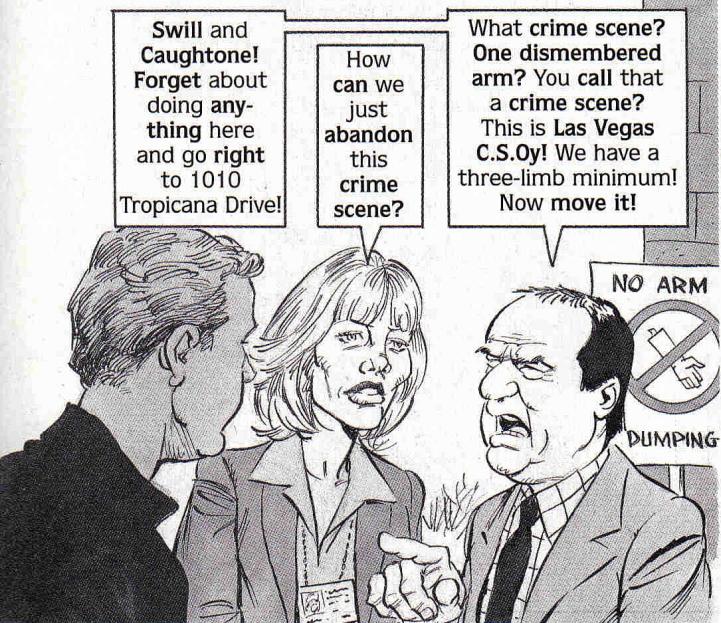
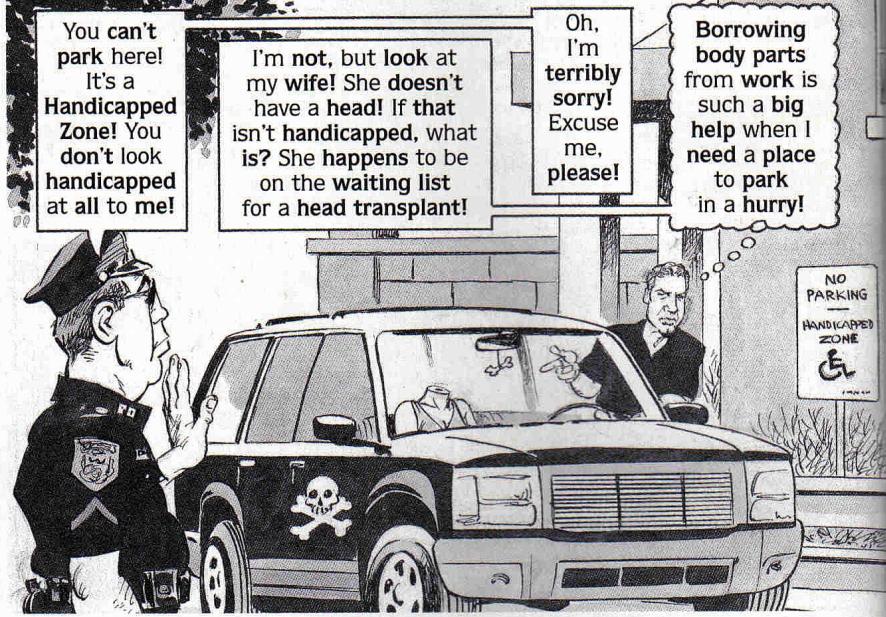
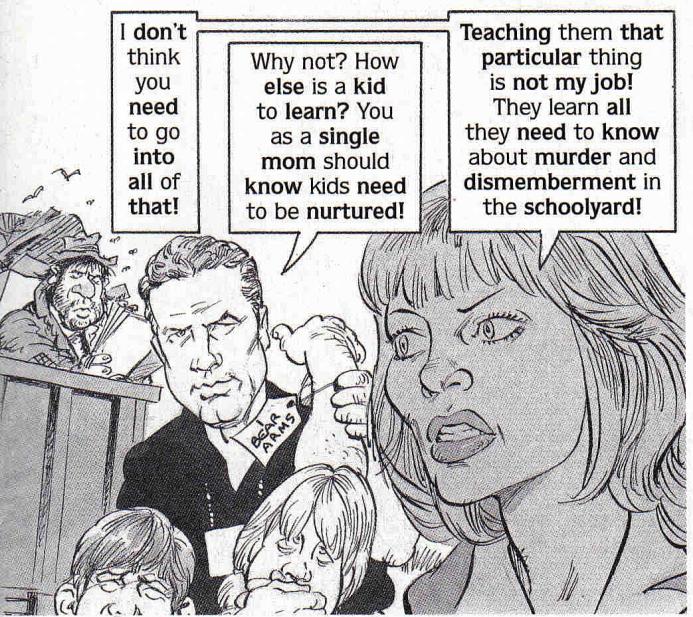
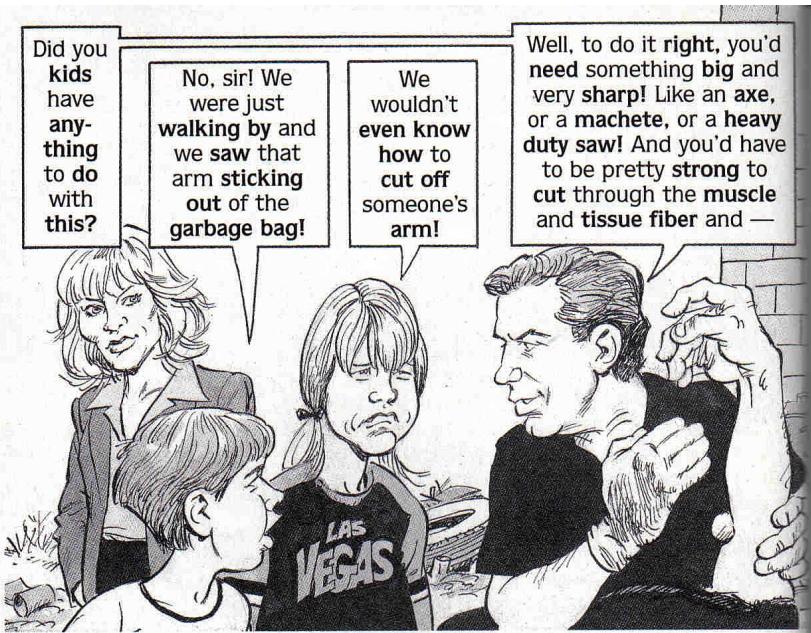
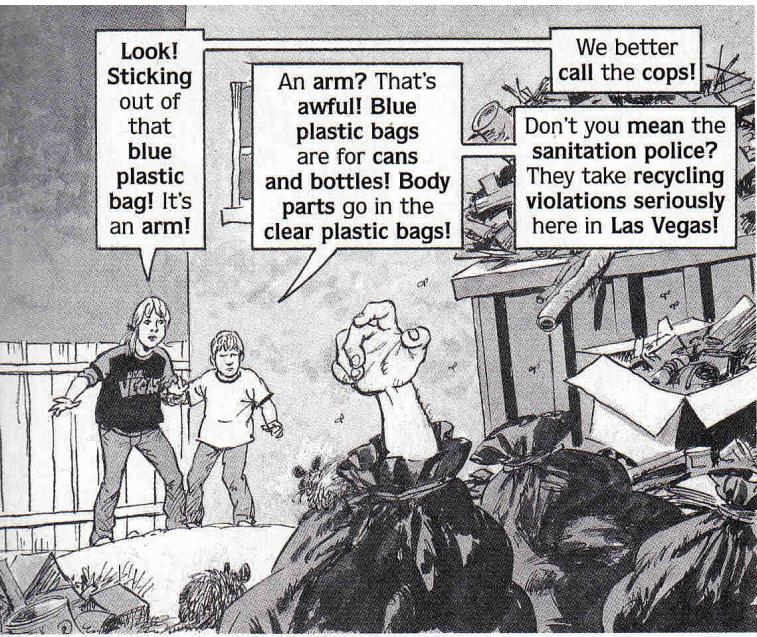


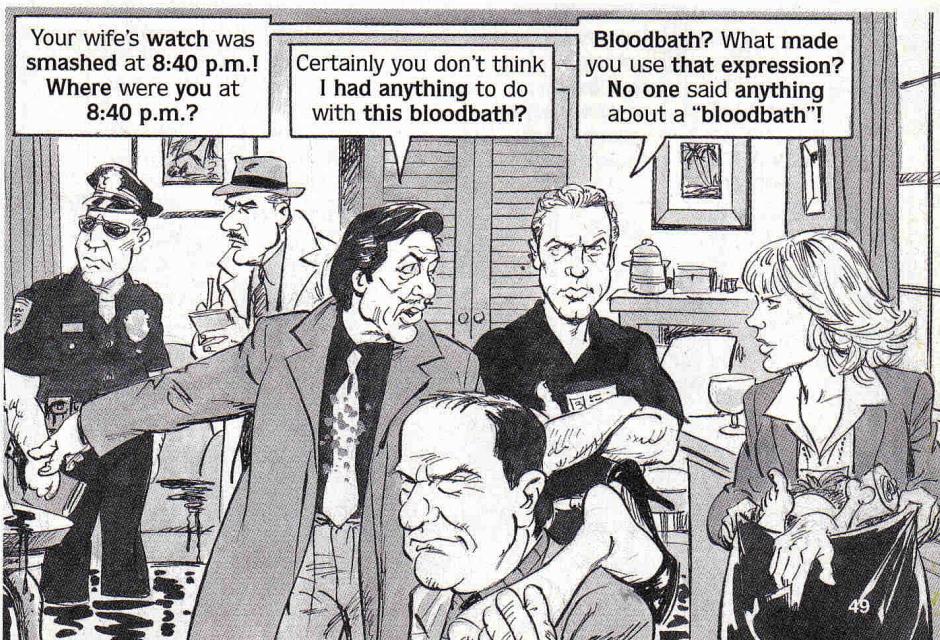
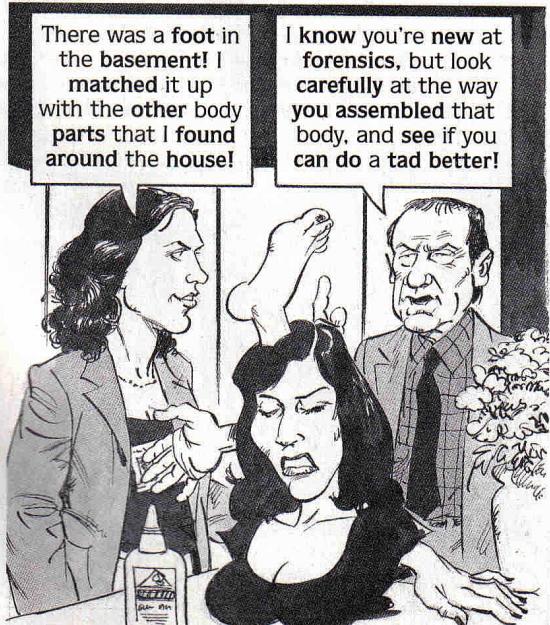
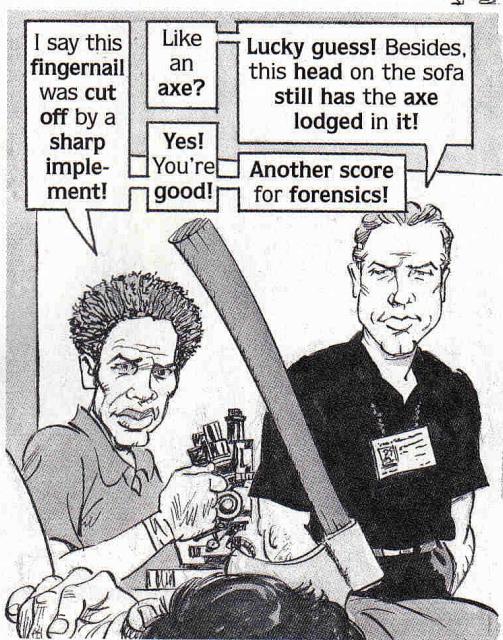
I'm Nice Strokes, C.S.Oy agent! In my case the C.S. in C.S.Oy stands for "charming and sexy"!

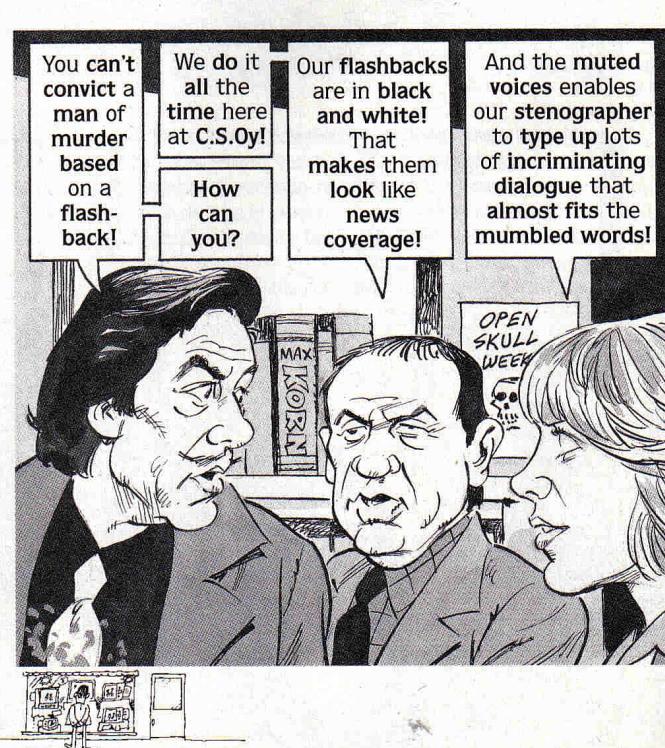
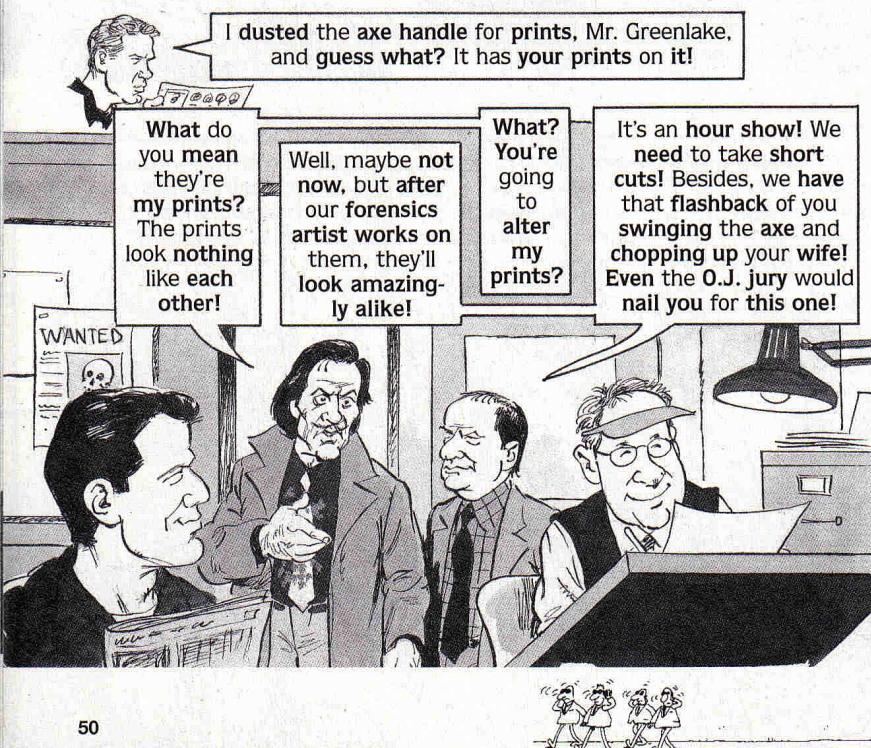
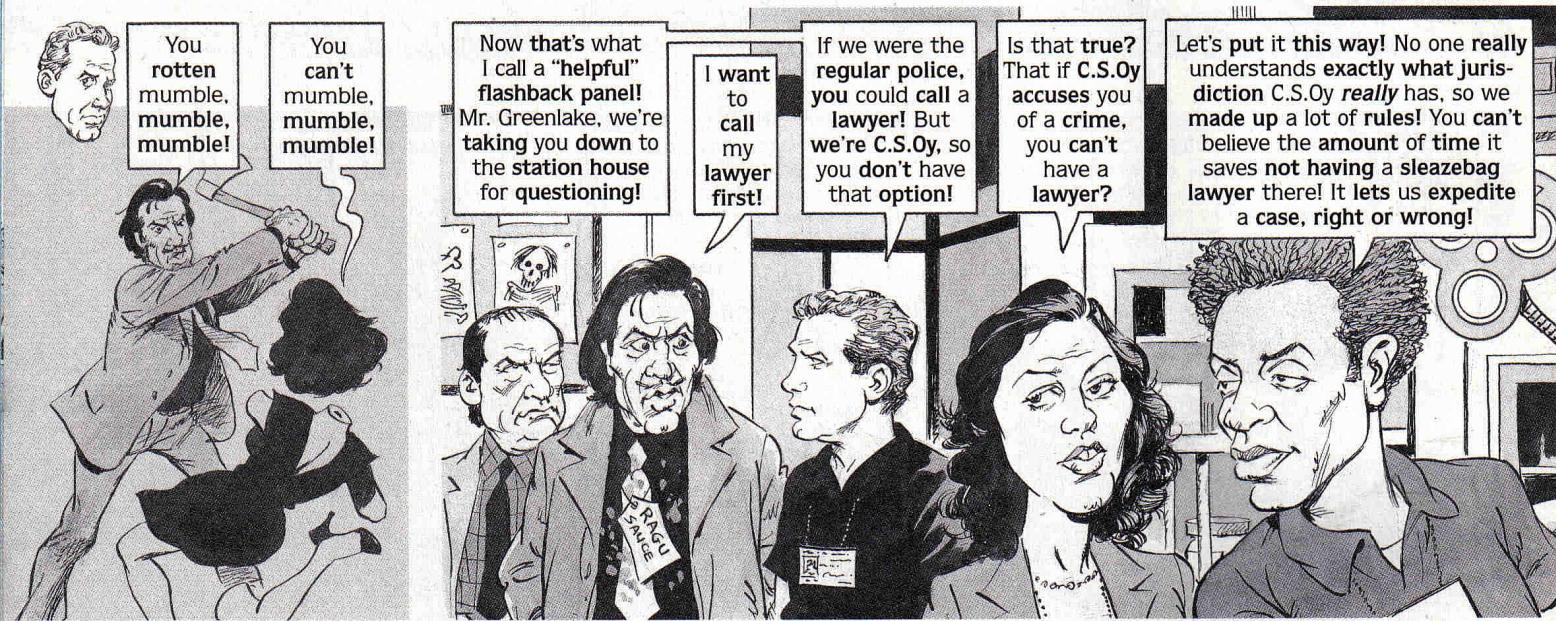
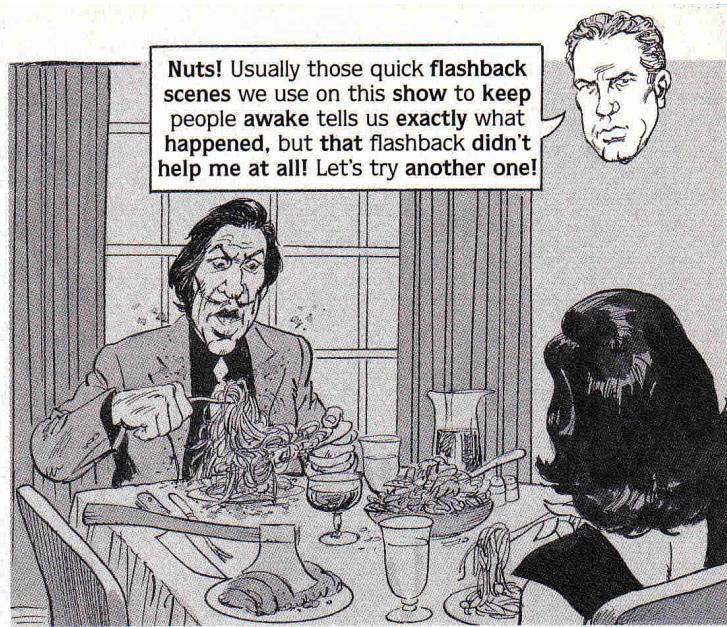
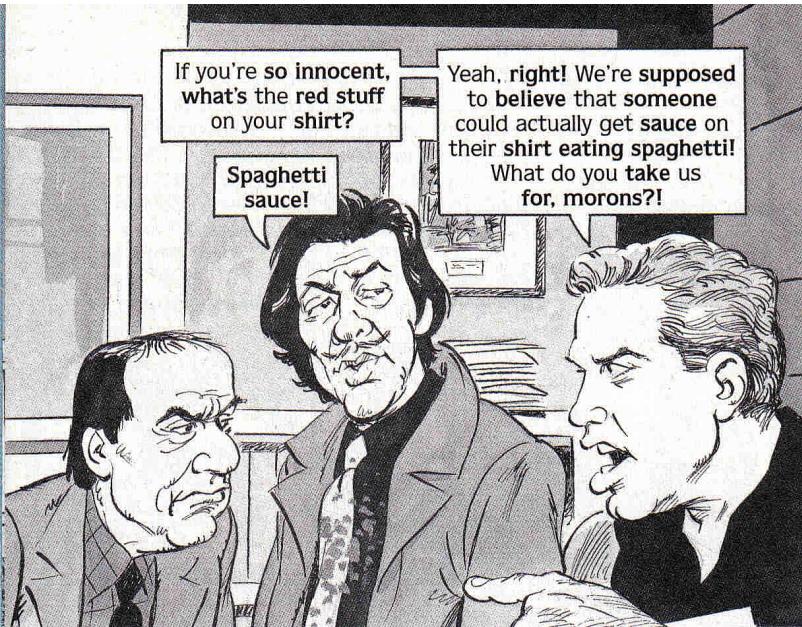
I love my job! I get paid a pretty decent salary just to solve puzzles all day! Then when I'm done with the daily crossword, I sometimes go out on a real case, but I don't mind! At least then not only the dead people get to see how good looking I am!

I'm Surry Saddle, the newest member of the C.S.Oy team, and frankly, I'm not accustomed to seeing guts splattered everywhere and watching body parts being dissected at autopsies! To prepare myself, I'm taking special training! A couple of times a week I go to one of the big Las Vegas hotel's "all you can eat buffets" and I dissect the meat loaf! You can't believe the amount of gross stuff in there! Talk about disgusting!

I'm Worry Frown and I round out the cliché cast! The hard boiled chief, single mom, stud muffin, rookie, and me — cool, slick minority officer! How cliché am I? Let me put it this way! I try not to stand sideways because you wouldn't see me! That's how two dimensional I am! I act cool by using the word "ass" on national TV, and using it a lot! I used it a dozen times in the pilot episode alone, and if you don't like it, you can kiss my ass!









WHAT TEXAN
IS UNDER SEVERE
NATIONAL
PRESSURE TO PROVE
HIS WORTH?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS
MAD FOLD-IN

When you enter the national spotlight and declare to all that you're the man, you'd better be able to stand and deliver when the time comes. There's one Texan who has now been given his big moment to shine and an eager nation waits to see if this young upstart will succeed or drop the ball. To find out who this lone star stallion is, fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT

B

FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



ALL TEXANS FEEL THEY MUST EXCEL. EITHER SEX
GOES AFTER TOUGH JOBS SUCH AS VIOLENT
RODEOS, RATTLESNAKE HUNTS OR ANY OTHER RIG-
OROUS PURSUIT. IT BRINGS GREAT REVEN-
UE FOR THOSE WHO LEARN THE ROPES FROM A TO Z

A

ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE

B



ALTOIDS

THE CURIOUSLY STRONG MINTS®